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A Ten-Year Box Score on One Hundred First Novelists

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THE
Saturday Review
OF LITERATURE

VOLUME XXVII No. 9 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1944 FIFTEEN CENTS

SAY IT WITH FICTION
by Christopher LaFarge

"IFS" FOR THE FIRST NOVELIST
Charles Jackson Jeanne Singer
Robert Bright Elizabeth Janeway

"FREEDOM'S FERMENT"
by Alice Felt Tyler
Reviewed by H. J. Haskell

"REUNION ON STRAWBERRY HILL"
by Berenice Thorpe
Reviewed by Struthers Burt

"GOD'S FRONT PORCH"
by Ketti Frings
Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman

"UNFINISHED BUSINESS"
by Stephen Bonsal
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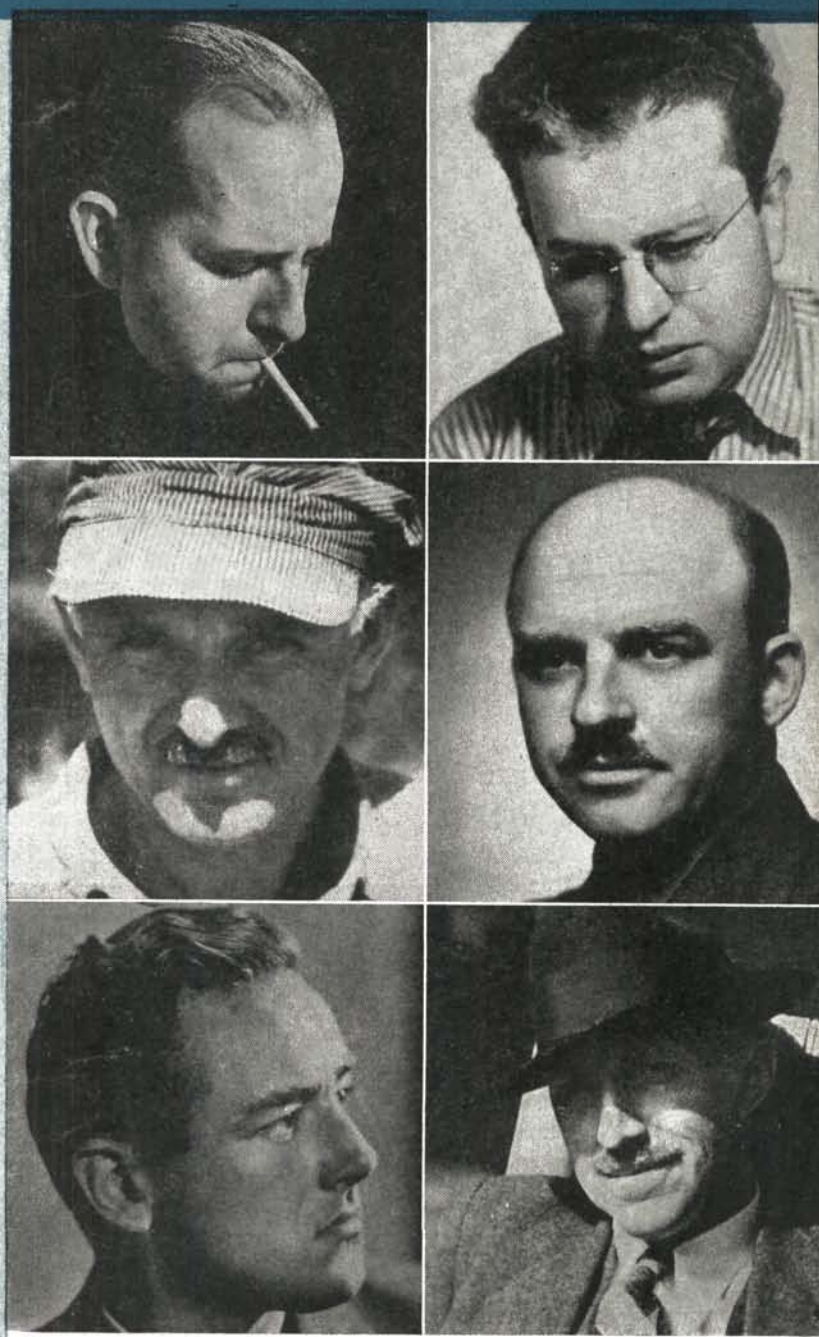

Do you remember the titles of their first novels? Top, Jerome Weidman, Louis Zara; center, Ben Field, Edmund Gilligan; bottom, Frederic Prokosch, Conrad Richter. (See page 8)

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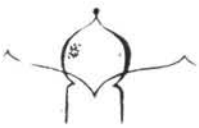

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The Saturday Review of Literature

SRL Guide to War Fiction and First Novelists

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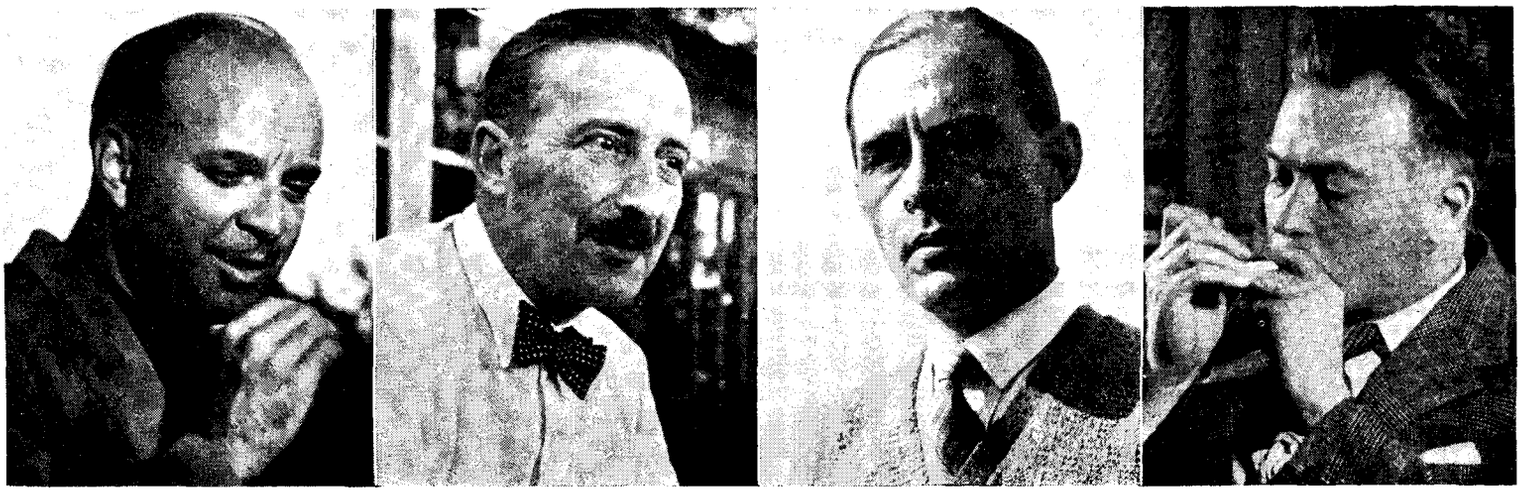

—*Susan Hoeller*

John Dos Passos **Stefan Zweig** **Erich Maria Remarque** **Richard Aldington**

Say It with Fiction

CHRISTOPHER LaFARGE

IN the Spring of 1943 I was offered a chance to go out to the Southwest Pacific as a war correspondent with the Navy, for *Harper's Magazine*. It was so excellent an opportunity to put into practice a theory I had preached (and which I had too little actual experience to support) that I accepted at once.

The theory was born of my reading and of my brief experience as a soldier in the last war, as follows: that fiction was a most necessary adjunct to factual writing if a clear, honest, and comprehensible picture of war was to be given to the home front during a time of war.

No good or true fiction—certainly none that accurately represented the business of making war—emerged during 1914-18. No one can reread Ian Hay's books now without realizing that they were recruiting posters. Arthur Guy Empey's work was horribly false. Barbusse's "Under Fire" was honest enough, but in its attempt to correct a manifest misrepresentation of war, Barbusse fell over backwards and the book is a paradox, being false because it tried too hard to be truthful.

But when the war ceased, then the good fiction began to appear. First came Dos Passos's "Three Soldiers." Faulkner, Nordhoff and Hall, Hemingway, Richard Aldington, Sherriff, Remarque, Zweig, Stallings, Maxwell Anderson, Nason, Thomason—to mention but a few—began creating for us in fiction the vivid picture of that war, and the effect of that picture's clarity and bitterness and disillusionment was overwhelming, and it colored the thinking of an entire generation.

Now it is curious that this had to wait for fiction. There was excellent factual reporting in the last war, but it was neither as immediate, nor as often brilliant, nor in such overwhelming quantity, as the factual reporting that has come out of the present war. It should have been sufficient to inform us, but it was not. And, to my mind, what is now being written has not informed us, as fully as we should be informed, in these hard present days. I shall suppose it to be unnecessary in this article to expand on the fact that it is of the utmost, the deadliest importance, that people at home should have a full and clear comprehension of what war is like on the battle fronts; that I shall not have to labor the point that total effort requires total comprehension. I shall take these for granted as self-evident truths. Thus it is of interest to examine the question of fiction as a necessary supplement to factual writing; to see what fiction can do that factual writing cannot do; to examine the limitations of factual writing; and to see how fiction can be made to fill (always within the rigid framework of absolute truthfulness and integrity) the need for full comprehension.

IT is an interesting and noteworthy fact that no first-class writing on war, in fact or fiction, ever emerges from writers who have not seen and participated in a war. There are exceptions, to be sure, and the most notable of these is Stephen Crane who wrote truly of war in "The Red Badge of Courage." But in the vast majority of cases, writing by those who have not seen, have not participated, is plainly synthetic, and is often actually offensive to those who have participated, doing in the long run more harm than good, for the reason that such work lacks the essential element of truth. A comprehensive list of great writing on war would be too long to give here: it is a formidable list, including such writers as Julius Caesar, Stendhal, Tolstoy, Joinville, Malory, Xenophon, T. E. Lawrence, and some of the writers I mentioned at the outset. Studying it, I came to the conclusion that, excepting always the genius, none but those who had participated in war could write convincingly of it, and at first I mistakenly conceived that the word "participation" was virtually synonomous with "combatant." I have come now to see that this is not so. Indeed, almost the contrary is true during the period of actual warfare.

It is obvious that after this war there will be a flood of writing by those who fought in it, and much of that will be in fiction. It will be, very likely, the best writing we shall have on the subject. But during war, the actual combatant is unable to achieve a perspective; his loyalties, his indoctrination into service, are too strong to permit him to be a good combatant and a detached observer. He is hampered by rank or the lack of it, which discipline forms into an inevitable barrier between him and his fellows, which sharply restricts his movements and that leisure he would need to create or to record or to criticize. One has only to compare the work of the combatant-reporters with that of war correspondents to see how generally superior, in treatment and in breadth, are the correspondents. Again there are exceptions, but they are singular in event. Lieutenant-Commander Griffith Bailey

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Coale has written well and movingly, but his writing is primarily an adjunct to his pictures, being an extension of his visualization in paint and pencil. Lieutenant John Mason Brown has produced a brilliant book, but the circumstances under which he wrote the material were unusual, and it is to be doubted if the right man as often finds himself in the right place, which is to say, under such an imaginative commander. Captain Ralph Ingersoll has written a fine book, yet it is exceptional, and is, I daresay, the interesting product of the superimposition of a discipline on a reporter whose unquestionable talents needed that discipline acutely. Against these we must put W. L. White, Tregaskis, Ernie Pyle, Wolfert, Steinbeck, Leland Stowe, and a host of others of almost equal excellence. The balance swings widely in favor of the non-combatants.

There is an obvious lack in this brief summary: it includes no fiction. Yet it is notable that the best of the books by war correspondents either writing directly, recording experiences related to them by combatants (notably as in "The Raft" and "They Were Expendable"), or frankly ghost-writing for combatants, approach fiction as closely as possible to gain their effect. By the use of dialogue, suspense, a sort of plot, colloquialisms, and slang, they have tried to overcome some of the handicaps that inevitably attend factual reporting. Let us see what some of these handicaps are and attempt to understand why fiction commonly is free of them.

TO begin with, there is the dateline. The factual account must be exactly placed in time, and the reader is aware that the time is not only true but is past. That is to say, the reader, no matter how much he may be moved by the account, is always provided with the palliative to those unpleasant emotions that the truthful account arouses. He can say, "Yes, but that was *then*. It may be different now." In other words, no matter how rapidly the account is written and published (or, indeed, broadcast), it is history by the time it reaches the reader; and it is a commonly known paradox that the more recently an event has turned to history, the more removed it is from the emotions of men and women. None of this applies, however, to fiction. Whether the story is written in the present or the past tense, whether it be exactly dated or not, is utterly unimportant, for in its impact it will engross the reader, absorbing him wholly into the time of the story, and on his emergence from it, he will not have the feeling of "This is all the past," for he will have been there himself.

Thus, and by the same magic, the reader is able to identify himself with place as well as with time, and above all, with person. It is possible in factual writing, when it is treated at least in technique as fiction, for the reader to identify himself somewhat with the characters, their miseries and discomforts, their wounds and their courage, their hopes and their fears. But to achieve this is difficult, for it requires either that the facts be distorted out of sequence to provide suspense; or be, by an amazing chance, in the order that the creative artist himself would have selected. In the factual story, you know the ending; but worse than that (as far as reader-identification is concerned), you know that these are real people, and by their actuality in fact instead of in art, you are by so much prevented from considering yourself a part of their experience.

There is another interesting limitation to factual reporting. It concerns the recording of the unimportant event. The pressure of time, the necessity to produce and publish material before it shall have become stale news, commonly forbids the reporter to use material except such as seems, at the time, dramatic or "important." Yet it is a fact no soldier will deny that war is ninety percent filled with the apparently unimportant, from sitting down and waiting, to standing in line to reach you know not what conclusion. Therefore the factual account of the progress of war cannot, except passingly and sketchily—with the one exception of the humorous anecdote—portray the long sequence of trivialities and boredoms, minor discomforts and inconveniences, waits and delays, that tend to destroy morale, breed fear and distrust, and reflect in truth the experience of a warrior's life.

—*Drawing by Sterner*

Christopher LaFarge

This limitation, however, does not apply to fiction. Fiction is free to select from a vast store of such matters, choose those that relate most nearly to the theme in hand, and use them to the point of success. All of which is, of course, but another way of stating an old truth that applies in war as well as in peace: that the creative artist selects and modifies and changes the experiences he has had or witnessed, taking them out of their actual form, degree, or order as he may require, that he may achieve thereby a greater and more apparent truth.

FROM a slightly different angle, one notes that quite often an experience which did not have its effect on the mind of the witness at the time of happening, takes on its true importance with the passage of time—that time which is so often denied to the factual reporter. Thus that same process of selection and modification of experience which the fiction writer must constantly employ, can also add to the importance as well as the truth of his work. An extremely interesting example of this (for which I am indebted to Manuel Komroff) is found in Stendhal. He who gave us in fiction, in "Le Chartreuse de Parme," that wonderful description of the battle of Waterloo, could report of the burning of Moscow, which he witnessed as an officer of Napoleon's army, only these lines in his diary:

> The fire soon reached the house we had left. Our carriages stood for five or six hours on the boulevard. Tired of this inaction, I went to look at the fire and spent an hour or two with Joinville. We drank a bottle of wine, which restored me to life. I read a few lines of an English translation of "Paul et Virginie," which restored me to a feeling of intellectual life in the midst of the universal barbarism.

There is one more point to make: in dealing factually with the truth about war, you are sooner or later going to bump your nose hard against the uncomfortable door of censorship. There is no use in discussing here the fact that with an ideal censorship that would not be true. We have not, and are not likely to achieve, an ideal censorship, for censors are human beings and highly fallible. They don't like to see a man or a unit cited by name for poor morale, for discouragement, for lack of food, for running short of ammunition, for tactical or strategical blunders, and a host of other things. But set the circumstance in fiction, invent names for men and units, invent imaginary (howbeit similar) geographical locations, and the censor has difficulty in finding grounds for repression or deletion. And thus,

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by the use of fiction, criticism can be conveyed, both generally and in particular, to the home front: and it is the lack of such honest criticism, the excising of all but the glory, the action, and the heroism, that persuades the home front to a false complacency based on a misconception of warfare.

But I must qualify that a little. Misconceptions do not arise entirely because the home front has not been told of the misery, the horror, the fear, the tedium, and the discomfort of war, for these have been accurately and truthfully reported. Indeed, certain of such reports will rank as literature *per se*. It is, as I have said before, that the reader in his home environment cannot fully identify himself with it, either in time, place, or person, unless it be cast in the form of practised fiction by one who has himself seen and participated in the events of which he writes.

It was because I was aware of many of these things, that I decided to see if, in fact, the stalemate of fiction could be overcome. That stalemate arose because fiction concerning the war was being written only by those who knew it at second hand, and its synthetic quality was so obvious that the periodicals were avoiding it. Yet good war fiction was being produced from England. Among others, John Strachey, Bartimeus, James Aldridge —two combatants and a correspondent—had produced admirable and truthful fiction. From England as well had come the two most effective fictional movies: "Mrs. Miniver" (though produced in Hollywood) and "In Which We Serve." And I am not for a moment overlooking that remarkable factual movie, "Desert Victory." Noting these things, I decided to try to report in fiction.

AS a result of a three months' trip into the war zone of Admiral Halsey's command, I produced on my return home eleven short stories totalling almost 60,000 words. It took but five months to write them. I do not say they are good or bad, for I am obviously incompetent to judge of that. But I will point out that I have sold eight of them to magazines. At least, then, their lack of the synthetic blemish was sufficiently obvious to gain for them a good hearing. What I tried to do in three of them illustrates the point I have been trying to make.

Those three stories concerned themselves with the central theme of that extreme fatigue, that deep-seated and not easily curable exhaustion, that absorbs the minds and spirits and bodies of young men who have been too long in combat and who have, in their brief and infrequent respites, found nothing to heal them. It is the fatigue that makes men unable to enjoy drink or, if they do enjoy it, to profit by it, for drink has a horrid way of merely exaggerating the manifestations it is taken to alleviate. I approached this theme in three ways, each time setting up a normal man or woman or circumstance against which their abnormality was to be measured and understood. I submit that short of such a fictional treatment, the factual record of this phenomenon would have to be in medical terms: which is to say, incomprehensible to the layman. And I submit further that to have written of the many instances I saw of such extreme fatigue in factual form (and a factual record would have required multiplication of instances to be effective), would have been to assure that the censor stop publication.

Writing these three stories and then writing the others, made me think again of why fiction existed, what it concerned itself with most successfully. And I came again to the same conclusion about it in time of war as I had in time of peace. Fiction is concerned with the heart of man. He who would write it must see and know that heart, and must tell then, with an honesty beyond purchase at any price, what he has seen. Factual writing can concern itself with the use of artillery, tanks, planes, ships and strategy, infiltration and supply. But it is the job of fiction to explain and to demonstrate what moves the heart of the man in the tank or the plane. Fear is a terrible thing and makes men run away from war. Fear has made tanks useless, has crashed planes, has sunk ships. Courage, that will to live in the exact present, has saved ships, fought planes, sent tanks to victory. Must we state again—and how often?—that the machine is no greater than the man who controls it? Fiction concerns itself with the man, rather than with the events he dominates or is dominated by, and thus movingly illustrates those events.

SO it is by fiction that we may learn most fully of the hearts of these men who sweat and die, who live in dulness and fatigue, who are afraid, who scratch their mosquito bites, who joke and curse and eat C Rations, far on the distant and awful battle grounds that must preserve us. In fiction you can tell of those who fail, and of why they failed, as well as of those who have succeeded. It is a salutory thing to know of failure equally with success. But only in fiction may you hear of both—now, when that knowledge is so sorely needed.

Hemingway, in that sometimes obscure and confused, but often magnificent preface to "Men at War," makes a statement that is worth repeating, for he is a man who has seen war, and who has the rare gift of being able to take us with him into war. He says: "As they get further and further away from a war they have taken part in all men have a tendency to make it more as they wish it had been rather than how it really was." That is profoundly true. And since it is true, it explains why I want more and more fiction, now, not later, when what men write will be "more as they wish it had been." If I have proven that fiction need not supplant but can wonderfully supplement factual recording of war; if I have proven that only in fiction can those who must learn of war vicariously learn of it in whole, then you will see why I attempted my part of that task, and why I pray that others more accomplished than myself may make of fiction soon a great horn to blow the fierce music of war in all its truth and its horror.

—*From the drawing by Barse Miller, USMC.*
"The Duffle Bag Boys"

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What Happens to First Novelists?

A Box-Score Covering the Last Ten Years

ALICE HACKETT

APPROXIMATELY one hundred "first novelists" of the past decade, 1934-1943, inclusive, are tabulated in the chart below. The yardstick used here is that of new writers whose first published book achieved some measure of critical or commerical success, or both. A few whose highly successful first novels appeared during this period have been omitted because their prominence in other literary lines or similar activities was so great that their first novels should be considered as portions of already-established careers. Among such writers are George Santayana, Walter Duranty, Lin Yutang, Carl Carmer, Ilka Chase, Granville Hicks, William Saroyan, Nancy Hale.

In the first column are the names of the authors and the titles of their first novels, arranged chronologically, with a very casual word of comment upon their literary careers to date. The second column scores the outward success—in sales, prize awards, book club selections, critical attention, or what have you. This second column shows that, out of the entire group, thirteen are winners of literary prizes. Nineteen were tapped by the book clubs. Notice that the same publishers appear time after time. Some of them, like Houghton Mifflin and Alfred A. Knopf, have established Literary Fellowships to attract new talent. Harper promotes its "finds" and, like Little, Brown-Atlantic, has well-known and substantial prizes offered periodically. Farrar & Rinehart has its Discoverers Club; Simon & Schuster and Macmillan, who account for quite a number on the chart, are outstanding as seekers for new writers. During the more recent years, the influence of book clubs, magazines, and movies in building up new writers is increasingly apparent.

The third column records the novels which have followed the new writers' first books. These range from a regular every-other-year output to the Gibraltar of "Gone with the Wind," upon which Margaret Mitchell has taken her stand. Watch the fourth column for repeats. It reveals, briefly, the success of these subsequent books, leaving judgment as to their value as literature or entertainment to the statistician and the critic.

First Novel and Comment	*What It Did*	*Subsequent Work*
1934		
MILDRED WALKER *Fireweed* (Harcourt, Brace) Consistent, if a bit uneven output, five novels in ten years and two book club selections since her first prize winner.	Hopwood Award winner, sold about 5000 in its first season.	1935 — *Light from Arcturus* (Harcourt, Brace). 1938 — *Dr. Norton's Wife* (Harcourt, Brace). 1940 — *The Brewers' Big Horses* (Harcourt, Brace). 1941—*Unless the Wind Turns* (Harcourt, Brace). 1944—*Winter Wheat* (Harcourt, Brace).
JAMES M. CAIN *The Postman Always Rings Twice* (Knopf) The title of his first book has become a part of our language, but subsequent novels have not equalled his first two in popularity.	Startling success for one of the first of the tough, hard school.	1937 — *Serenade* (Knopf). 1941 — *Mildred Pierce* (Knopf). 1942 — *Love's Lovely Counterfeit* (Knopf).
TESS SLESINGER *The Unpossessed* (Simon & Schuster) Later volumes are books of short stories.	Attention by reviewers.	
JOHN O'HARA *Appointment in Samarra* (Harcourt, Brace) His first two great bestsellers, mainly followed by short stories.	Famous. Shocked and entertained a big audience.	1935 — *Butterfield 8* (Harcourt, Brace). 1938—*Hope of Heaven* (Harcourt, Brace). 1940—*Pal Joey* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce).
MARY ELLEN CHASE *Mary Peters* (Macmillan) Consistent output, popularity increasing with each new novel.	Two printings of 10,000 each almost sold out on publication.	1935—*Silas Crockett* (Macmillan). 1935—*Uplands*, (Little, Brown). 1938—*Dawn in Lyonesse* (Macmillan). 1941—*Windswept* (Macmillan).
JOSEPHINE JOHNSON *Now in November* (Simon & Schuster) Brilliant start. What has happened to her?	First novel by an unknown author, which won the Pulitzer Prize.	1937 — *Jordanstown* (Simon & Schuster).
VICTORIA LINCOLN *February Hill* (Farrar & Rinehart) Long-lived book that has had a career as a reprint, and in dramatized form, too. We'd like a successor!	One of the best liked, most remembered books of the period.	1938—*The Daughter* (Simon & Schuster).
1935		
BESSIE BREUER *Memory of Love* (Simon & Schuster) Good beginning.	Sold about 2000 a week at its height.	
RACHEL FIELD *Time Out of Mind* (Macmillan) After achieving top-ranking success both as a writer of adult fiction and juveniles, Rachel Field died in 1942 before the publication of *And Now Tomorrow*.	Chosen by American booksellers as most distinguished novel published in 1935.	1937—*To See Ourselves* (with Arthur Pederson) (Macmillan). 1938 — *All This and Heaven Too* (Macmillan). 1942—*And Now Tomorrow*.
LOUIS PAUL *The Pumpkin Coach* (Doubleday, Doran) Prolific writer who won the O. Henry Memorial Award Prize with his first short story.	Literary Guild selection. Well reviewed.	1937 — *Emma* (Doubleday, Doran). 1938—*The Wrong World* (Doubleday, Doran). 1940—A *Passion for Privacy* (Knopf). 1941 — *Reverend Ben Pool* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). 1943 — *Ordeal of Sergeant Smoot* (Crown). 1943—*This Is My Brother* (Crown).

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First Novel and Comment	What It Did	Subsequent Work
H. L. DAVIS *Honey in the Horn* (Harper) Has only published a book of poems since his first achievement.	Harper Prize Novel which also won the 1936 Pulitzer Prize.	
LOUIS ZARA *Blessed Is the Man* (Bobbs-Merrill) Chicago writer who is most popular through the Midwest.	Moderate success.	1936 — *Give Us This Day* (Bobbs-Merrill). 1937 — *Some for the Glory* (Bobbs-Merrill). 1940—*This Land Is Ours* (Houghton Mifflin). 1943—*Against This Rock* (Creative Age Press).
HORTENSE LION *The Grass Grows Green* (Houghton Mifflin) Substantial historical novelist.	10,000 printed a month before publication.	1941 — *Mill Stream* (Houghton Mifflin).
DOROTHY MCCLEARY *Not for Heaven* (Doubleday, Doran) Original writer, worth watching.	Co-winner of *Story Magazine*-Doubleday, Doran prize novel contest.	1937 — *Naked to Laughter* (Doubleday, Doran). 1938—*Paved with Good Intentions* (Doubleday, Doran).
HUMPHREY COBB *Paths of Glory* (Viking Press) Critic, booksellers, and public liked this first book.	Paeans of praise for this one. Book-of-the-Month Club selection.	
ROBERT RYLEE *Deep Dark River* (Farrar & Rinehart) Promising first novelist whose second is not remembered.	Most successful. Also a Book-of-the-Month Club selection.	1937—*St. George of Weldon* (Farrar & Rinehart.)
GALE WILHELM *We Too Are Drifting* (Random House) Off the beaten track. A book every two years for a not very large but appreciative audience.	A first writer published first in an edition limited to 1200 copies. In the regular edition sold over 12,000.	1936—*No Letters for the Dead* (Macmillan). 1938 — *Torchlight to Valhalla* (Random House). 1940 — *Bring Home the Bride* (Morrow). 1942—*The Time Between* (Morrow.)
CHARLES G. FINNEY *The Circus of Dr. Lao* (Viking Press) Original writer who has not yet hit the mark with the public.	The booksellers of America voted it the most original book of 1935.	1937 — *The Unholy City* (Vanguard Press.) *Past the End of the Pavement* (Holt).
FREDERIC PROKOSCH *The Asiatics* (Harper) His reputation grows with each new novel.	Critical success.	1937—*The Seven Who Fled* (Harper). 1939—*Night of the Poor* Harper). 1941 — *The Skies of Europe* (Harper). 1943—*The Conspirators.*
1936		
AGNES SLIGH TURNBULL *The Rolling Years* (Macmillan) Dependable popularity.	Bestseller.	1938—*Remember the End* (Macmillan). 1942—*The Day Must Dawn* (Macmillan).
TRYGVE GULBRANSSEN *Beyond Sing the Woods* (Putnam) Norwegian writer whose work was well received here in the '30's.	Up in the tens of thousands. Literary Guild selection.	1937—*The Wind from the Mountains* (Putnam).
MARGARET MITCHELL *Gone with the Wind* (Macmillan) Mrs. Mitchell says she will not write another book.	Sensational fiction success of this century, with rapidity and amount of sales reaching astronomical proportions for the literary world.	
MARCIA DAVENPORT *Of Lena Geyer* (Scribner) Her only other book is a biography, *Mozart*. All three are substantial contributions to the book world.	Extremely popular through many printings.	1942—*The Valley of Decision* (Scribner).
WINIFRED VAN ETTEN *I Am the Fox* (Little, Brown) Nothing more has been published by this Iowa writer whose first book won such a distinguished prize.	Winner of the Atlantic Novel Prize.	
E. P. O'DONNELL *Green Margins* (Houghton Mifflin) Regional novelist of the Louisiana country.	First Houghton Mifflin Fellowship Prize novel was also a Book-of-the-Month Club selection. Sold 86,000.	1941 — *Great Big Doorstep* (Houghton Mifflin).
1937		
CONRAD RICHTER *The Sea of Grass* (Knopf) Increasing stature.	15,000 sold.	1940 — *The Trees* (Knopf). 1942—*Tacey Cromwell* (Knopf). 1943—*The Free Man* (Knopf).
JOLAN FÖLDES *The Street of the Fishing Cat* (Farrar & Rinehart) A number of books of this Scandinavian novelist, including a juvenile, have been brought out over here but none has attained the prominence of her first.	Winner of the International Prize Novel competition.	1937—*I'm Getting Married* (Farrar & Rinehart). 1938—*Prelude to Love* (Farrar & Rinehart). 1939—*Egyptian Interlude* (Farrar & Rinehart).
MILLEN BRAND *The Outward Room* (Simon & Schuster) Has not followed up the success of her short novel.	Book-of-the-Month Club selection.	1939 — *The Heroes* (Simon & Schuster).
GWEN BRISTOW *Deep Summer* (Crowell) The first three formed a historical trilogy later bound together; the fourth is in a setting of wartime America. All best-sellers.	Surprise seller.	1938—*The Handsome Road* (Crowell). 1940—*This Side of Glory* (Crowell). 1943—*Tomorrow Is Forever* (Crowell).
CLIFFORD DOWDEY *Bugles Blow No More* (Little, Brown) Consistently good in the magazines as well as the bookstores, he has repeated every two years.	Good historical fiction.	1939—*Gamble's Hundred* (Little, Brown). 1941 — *Sing for a Penny* (Little, Brown). 1943 — *Tidewater* (Little, Brown.)

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First Novel and Comment	What It Did	Subsequent Work
JEROME WEIDMAN *I Can Get It for You Wholesale* (Simon & Schuster) Modern short story writer, who specializes in unusual titles like *The Horse That Could Whistle Dixie.*	About 18,000 sold.	1938—*What's In It for Me?* (Simon & Schuster). 1940—*Letter of Credit* (Simon & Schuster). 1941—*I'll Never Go There Any More* (Simon & Schuster). *Lights Around the Shore* (Simon & Schuster).
CLYDE BRION DAVIS *The Anointed* (Farrar & Rinehart) Several book club selections and critical approval for this new writer.	Discoverers Club, and Book-of-the-Month Club dual selection.	1938—*The Great American Novel* (Farrar & Rinehart). 1939—*Nebraska Coast* (Farrar & Rinehart). 1940—*Sullivan* (Farrar & Rinehart). 1942—*Follow the Leader* (Farrar & Rinehart).
VAUGHAN WILKINS *And So—Victoria* (Macmillan) Historical novels that have hit the mark.	High praise. 149,000 plus reprint sale.	1942—*Seven Tempest* (Macmillan).
LAWRENCE EDWARD WATKIN *On Borrowed Time* (Knopf) Versatile, worth watching.	Short novel that was talked about and later a hit on Broadway.	1940—*Geese and the Forum* (Knopf). 1941—*Gentlemen from England* (Knopf).
STUART CLOETE *The Turning Wheels* (Houghton Mifflin) Novelist of South Africa who has rung the bell repeatedly.	Both critical and popular success. Book-of-the-Month Club selection.	1939—*Watch for the Dawn* (Houghton Mifflin). 1940—*Yesterday Is Dead* (Smith & Durrell). 1941—*The Hill of Doves* (Houghton Mifflin). 1943—*Congo Song* (Houghton Mifflin).
DAN WICKENDEN *The Running of the Deer* (Morrow) No repeats as yet.	First novel given critical attention.	
ELMER RICE *Imperial City* (Coward-McCann) His literary interests since then have been in the field of drama.	Best seller by a famous playwright.	

1938

EDMUND GILLIGAN *Boundary Against Night* (Farrar & Rinehart) Has developed the popular magazine, sea-adventure touch.	Discoverers selection.	1939—*White Sails Crowding* (Scribner). 1941—*Strangers in the Vly* (Scribner). 1943—*The Gaunt Woman* (Scribner). 1943—*Ringed Horizon* (Scribner).
FRANK O. HOUGH *Renown* (Carrick & Evans) Skilful historical novelist.	Very successful.	1939—*If Not Victory* (Carrick & Evans). 1941—*Neutral Ground* (Lippincott).
NEVIL SHUTE *Kindling* (Morrow) Out-of-the-ordinary plots have made each of his numerous novels outstanding.	Unknown English novelist whose first book with a difficult theme caught on.	1939—*Ordeal* (Morrow). 1940—*Landfall* (Morrow). 1940—*An Old Captivity* (Morrow). 1942—*Pied Piper* (Morrow).
DOROTHY BAKER *Young Man with a Horn* (Houghton Mifflin) They still like *Young Man with a Horn* better, but *Trio* is not far behind.	Literary Fellowship Award. Literary success that its devotees have not stopped talking about.	1943—*Trio* (Houghton Mifflin).
TAYLOR CALDWELL *Dynasty of Death* (Scribner) A book a year, at least, and all successful.	Advance praise and interest gave it a big sendoff.	1940—*The Eagles Gather* (Scribner). 1941—*The Earth Is the Lord's* (Scribner). 1942—*The Strong City* (Scribner). 1943—*The Arms and the Darkness* (Scribner). 1943—*The Turnbulls* (Scribner).
LAURA KREY *And Tell of Time* (Houghton Mifflin) Another historical novelist who got her readers both times.	Another first novel that got an effective hand from the publisher in advance.	1940—*On the Long Tide* (Houghton Mifflin).
WILLIAM BLAKE *The World Is Mine* (Simon & Schuster) Should be another coming along soon.	The dark horse that the publishers groomed paid off.	1939—*The Painter and the Lady* (Simon & Schuster).
EVAN JOHN *Crippled Splendour* (Dutton) Why no more?	A bestseller by a new English writer.	

1939

PIETRO DI DONATO *Christ in Concrete* (*Bobbs-Merrill*) Success story—the bricklayer who wrote a great novel.	Co-selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club and great publicity breaks as well as praise from the critics.	
JOHN JENNINGS *Next to Valour* (Macmillan) Established historical novelist.	"Almost an overnight bestseller," *Publishers' Weekly.*	1941—*Call the New World* (Macmillan). 1942—*Gentleman Ranker* (Reynal & Hitchcock). 1943—*Shadow and the Glory* (Reynal & Hitchcock).
BERNICE KELLY HARRIS *Purslane* (University of North Carolina Press) Interest aroused by the first, unheralded novel of this Southern writer.	An advance sale of under 400 copies grew into several thousand.	1941—*Portulaca* Doubleday, Doran). 1943—*Sweet Beulah Land* (Doubleday, Doran).
AUGUSTA TUCKER *Miss Susie Slagle's* (Harper) Local Baltimore interest spread until it pushed this first novel and its sequel into the best seller class.	$20,000 paid for the film rights of this unknown author's book before publication. Sold over 50,000 copies.	1942—*The Man Miss Susie Loved* (Harper).

1940

ROBERT HENRIQUES *No Arms, No Armour* (Farrar & Rinehart) May repeat.	Winner of All Nations Prize Novel competition and Literary Guild selection bestseller.	1943—*Voice of the Trumpet* (Farrar & Rinehart).

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Josephine Johnson

Gwen Bristow

—*Asasano*

Margaret Mitchell

Last Novel and Comment	*What It Did*	*Subsequent Work*
RICHARD LLEWELLYN *How Green Was My Valley* (Macmillan) Two entirely different novels, both clicked.	Over 150,000 sold. Made into a great movie.	1943—*None But the Lonely Heart* (Macmillan).
JAMES STREET *Oh, Promised Land* (Dial Press) Historical novels go over in a big way, particularly in the South.	40,000 sold.	1941—*Biscuit Eater* (Dial). 1941—*My Father's House* (Dial). 1942—*Tap Roots* (Dial).
IOLA FULLER *The Loon Feather* (Harcourt, Brace) Young novelist off to a good start on both historical books.	Hopwood Award winner that in its 6th printing was selling over 2000 a week.	1943—*Shining Trail* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce).
JESSE STUART *Trees of Heaven* (Dutton) Known as a poet and short story writer of Kentucky, before he hit the jackpot with his first novel.	Sold 20,000 copies.	1943—*Taps for Private Tussie* (Dutton). 1944—*Mongrel Mettle* (Dutton).
EVELYN EATON *Quietly My Captain Waits* (Harper) Another historical novelist, well established.	Literary Guild selection, Harper "Find" and best-seller. $40,000 paid for the unpublished manuscript of this unknown author.	1941—*Restless Are the Sails* (Harper). 1943—*Sea Is So Wide* (Harper).
CARSON MCCULLERS *The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter* (Houghton Mifflin) More will be heard from her.	Critical acclaim for a "remarkable first novel."	1941—*Reflections in a Golden Eye* (Houghton Mifflin).
LEILA WARREN *Foundation Stone* (Knopf) Excellent beginning along both literary and commercial lines.	Well up in the thousands.	
NINA FEDEROVA *The Family* (Little, Brown) Both biographical in theme. What next?	Atlantic Prize Novel. Over 60,000 sold.	1942—*The Children* (Little, Brown).

First Novel and Comment	*What It Did*	*Subsequent Work*
1941		
INGLIS FLETCHER *Raleigh's Eden* (Bobbs-Merrill) History repeats itself.	Good sales.	1942—*Men of Albemarle* (Bobbs-Merrill).
JAN STRUTHER *Mrs. Miniver* (Harcourt, Brace) May be unique. Has also written several books of verse.	One of the most famous of the decade, both in bookstores and on the screen. Book-of-the-Month Club selection.	
WALTER VAN TILBURY CLARK *The Ox-Bow Incident* (Random House) Watch for his next!	The critics liked both the book and the movie.	
ISABEL SCOTT RORICK *Mr. and Mrs. Cugat* (Houghton Mifflin) Her public wants more.	"We've got a sleeper on our hands," said the publishers. The public liked it and they pushed it along.	
NATHAN SCHACHNER *By the Dim Lamps* (Stokes) Probably many more to come.	Booksellers liked this historical novel by the author of two scholarly works, in advance of publication.	1942—*King's Passenger* (Lippincott). 1943 *Sun Shines West* (Appleton-Century).
MARCUS GOODRICH *Delilah* (Farrar & Rinehart) Worth waiting for the next.	Selling in its 40th thousand, *Life* featured this sea story.	
MAURINE WHIPPLE *The Giant Joshua* (Houghton Mifflin) Specialized scene, so far.	Houghton Mifflin Fellowship Award novel that outsold any earlier ones of the series.	
BRIGID KNIGHT *Walking the Whirlwind* (Crowell) Well established.	Sold over 10,000.	1942—*Westward the Sun* (Crowell). 1943—*Covenant* (Crowell).
MARITTA M. WOLFF *Whistle Stop* (Random House) More to come.	Hopwood Award. Very well received.	1942—*Night Shift* (Random).

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First Novel and Comment	What It Did	Subsequent Work
1942		
BUDD SCHULBERG *What Makes Sammy Run?* (Random House) Made a hit the first time.	Bestseller.	
ALLIS MCKAY *They Came to a River* (Macmillan) Solid success the first time.	Sold way up in the thousands.	
MILDRED JORDAN *One Red Rose Forever* (Knopf) Specializes in the Pennsylvania region.	Over 30,000.	1942—*Apple in the Attic* (Knopf).
HELEN MACINNES *Above Suspicion* (Little, Brown) Her wartime spy stories are the rage today. Market is waiting for more.	Sold over 40,000.	1942—*Assignment in Brittany* (Little, Brown).
JOHN FAULKNER *Men Working* (Harcourt, Brace) Good critical reception.	Younger brother of William Faulkner.	1942—*Dollar Cotton* (Harcourt, Brace).
MARY O'HARA *My Friend Flicka* (Lippincott) Her Western ranch stories have made a definite market.	Sold a 1000 a day. Top movie success as well.	1943 — *Thunderhead* (Lippincott).
JUDITH KELLY *Marriage Is a Private Affair* (Harper)	Bestseller.	
ARTHUR MEEKER, JR. *The Ivory Mischief* (Houghton Mifflin)	Book-of-the-Month Club selection. About 275,000.	
BRADDA FIELD *Bride of Glory* (Greystone Press)	Literary Guild selection. 125,000 in first printing.	
AUSTIN TAPPAN WRIGHT *Islandia* (Farrar & Rinehart) Unusual literary history of this mammoth novel representing the life work of a writer who died 11 years before it was published.	A bestseller for many months.	
JAMES ALDRIDGE *Signed with Their Honour* (Little, Brown) 23-year-old Australian correspondent.	30,000 printed before publication. Serialized.	1944—*The Sea Eagle* (Little, Brown).
PHILIP VAN DOREN STERN *The Drums of Morning* (Doubleday, Doran) Widely known for literary work in other fields. Now occupied as head of the Armed Services Editions.	Bestseller, highly recommended.	
DOROTHY MACARDLE *The Uninvited* (Doubleday, Doran) Terror story that calls for another.	Literary Guild selection. Over 125,000 sold.	
STEFAN HEYM *Hostages* (Putnam) Successful war novel.	First printing, 25,000.	
HELEN HOWE *The Whole Heart* (Simon & Schuster)	Good sales and critical attention.	

First Novel and Comment	What It Did
1943	
MARGARET CARPENTER *Experiment Perilous* (Little, Brown)	Psychological mystery that was a Literary Guild selection.
KATHRYN FORBES *Mama's Bank Account* (Harcourt, Brace)	A portion ran in *Reader's Digest* before publication. Widespread liking in a quiet way.
XAVIER HERBERT *Capricornia* (Appleton-Century)	Won the Commonwealth Centenary Prize. An Australian novelist that sold close to 50,000 copies here.
AYN RAND *The Fountainhead* (Bobbs-Merrill)	A good word-of-mouth bestseller.
BETTY SMITH *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* (Harper)	And everyone knows about Brooklyn now. Harper "Find" and Literary Guild selection, one of the big bestsellers of the year. Movie rights bought two months before publication.
CHRISTINE WESTON *Indigo* (Scribner)	Literary Guild selection. 230,000 copies printed in '43.
ALAN SEAGER *Equinox* (Simon & Schuster)	Around 30,000 sold.
BEN FIELD *The Outside Leaf* (Reynal & Hitchcock)	Regional novel of tobacco farming in Connecticut.
BUCKLIN MOON *The Darker Brother* (Doubleday, Doran)	Young Negro author who came to the fore with his first novel, a story of his race today.
ELIZABETH JANEWAY *The Walsh Girls* (Doubleday, Doran)	The newest "first novel" sensation and a Walter Winchell enthusiasm.
ALEXANDER SAXTON *Grand Crossing* (Harper & Brothers)	The reviews were enthusiastic about this story of a young man of today.
CLEO DAWSON *She Came to the Valley* (Morrow & Co.)	A courageous woman in a Texas border town in the early days of the century.
LAURA Z. HOBSON *The Trespassers* (Simon & Schuster)	Fictional treatment of the refugee problem. *The Trespassers* sold over 30,000.

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"Ifs" for the First Novelist

Charles Jackson

"The Lost Week-End"

"THE LOST WEEKEND" was written as it had to be written, at least by me: that way and no other. I planned it as carefully as I could and worked it out as honestly as I was able. Beyond this, I'm afraid I can't discuss it, except for the fact that you're never satisfied with the work you've done and that month by month you grow (you could certainly do better next month, for instance, than you did last month).

Writing about your own book isn't easy. I don't even know how I feel about it, now that it's published and being read; for the truth of the matter is that my interest in it is fast waning, I can't think of it or care very much, because a new story is underway: the unfinished novel that I am interested in more than I could ever be interested in a finished one.

Which brings up the question of what I intend to do next. At sixteen I expected to make a real contribution to American letters, but at forty I know better. All I want is to be able to write, truly and well, stories that will hold the reader's interest and possibly tell him something about other people and maybe even about himself.—There, you see what happens when you try to write about your writing? It can't be done without a self-consciousness painful to all. You either sound smarty-pants or smug; so please, I'd much rather not discuss it: I'd rather talk about the reviews.

I was lucky enough to get, on the whole, good reviews of "The Lost Weekend." It is very gratifying, of course, to get such critical acclaim for a very slight novel that is little more than an intense, though limited, character-sketch. It was exciting, the first few days when the reviews were coming in. I am grateful for every one of them. But the most interesting reaction of all, the one that still sticks in my head (so much so that it has shaken my confidence in the next book) was the comment by Diana Trilling in *The Nation.*

Diana Trilling has long been, and still is, one of my favorite critics. (Had it been anyone less, I wouldn't have been shaken.) She always makes wonderful sense; one can learn, really learn, from her criticisms, which are almost in the nature of practical tips to writers, and, as such, invaluable advice. So when Miss Trilling declines to consider "The Lost Weekend" at any length (the book is dismissed in exactly two sentences) because I have chosen an "essentially unfruitful novelistic subject," I sit up and listen.

I have always believed that subject doesn't count, provided you have something to say. Certainly it doesn't count in the other arts; why should it in writing? Some art critic has said that Cézanne makes an apple important while Benton can make a lynching unimportant. Which is another way of saying that it's not the subject but what the artist does with it that counts. Isn't this true of writers and writing? What counts, it seems to me, is what the writer brings to his story, not the story itself: his observations, viewpoints, interpretations, sympathies, insights. We don't read Proust to get the lowdown on Parisian high-life or the gossip of the Faubourg; and the subject of "War and Peace," it may be said, is neither war nor peace but families, people, domestic life, and a great and healthy morality. That's putting it pretty glibly, of course; but what I mean to say is that a Tolstoy could choose the subject of dipsomania or nymphomania or homosexuality or any one of the "limited" subjects and make it interesting, important, and revealing of all of life. Dostoievsky wrote of criminals, prostitutes, thieves, epileptics, idiots, and gave literature a further range; and Thomas Mann, selecting a subject that has no relation to average or normal life whatever, made of "Death in Venice" perhaps the only modern short story that can be called a pure work of art.

I'm not putting "The Lost Weekend" in this class, of course; and of course I know that Miss Trilling has no quarrel with my subject *per se:* that is, on the grounds of its being painful or unpleasant. Nor do I wish to start a controversy. But like many writers, I am still trying to learn; and I would genuinely like to hear a few serious opinions on what is, and what is not, an "unfruitful novelistic subject." Like Hashimura Togo, I ask to know.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Once again,* The Saturday Review *has asked a quartet of first novelists to consider some literary "ifs." Would they change their books today if they were now presented with the opportunity—or problem—of writing their stories all over again? What effect would the reviews and the criticisms have? Finally, there is the matter of the usual post-publication ideas of the author himself as to how the book might have been improved. Included in the following roundup of literary reconsiderations are Charles Jackson, Robert Bright, Jeanne Singer, and Elizabeth Janeway.*

—PM Picture Syndicate

Charles Jackson with his daughter Kate, aged ten months.

Robert Bright

"The Life and Death of Little Jo"

I DON'T see how I could change "Little Jo" now—not even if the critics' reaction suggested it. It was written this way, and it is all wrapped up in a certain time in my life and was very much lived, so that it would be a coldly intellectual and heartless effort to try to live it again. The people in the story have become too real and inevitable to be tampered with. Supposing it were suggested that Jo shouldn't kill his cousin, for instance, to improve the story—how could I now bring him back to life? I couldn't do it convincingly. So far as I am concerned, Jo's miserable worm of a cousin Vidal is dead and buried, and a good thing too. To me one of the most flattering reactions to the book so far is the one from a lady who wrote to ask me whatever became of Jo's father, Eloy, after he escaped from prison. Well, I don't know what became of Eloy. I wonder myself.

I think most writers know perfectly well when a book of theirs has honestly "come off," and must feel that their own delight and conviction in

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what they have accomplished will be infectious. And so most writers also know when they are resorting to flim-flam—either deliberately or because they can't do any better—and just hope and pray they can get away with it, or at least get well paid for it. So what a good critic really does is to hold the mirror up before the writer, but while he is eager to look into it, he already suspects what he is going to see. In other words, a writer can be his own most exacting critic, if he wants to take the trouble.

As to future plans, that is hard to pin down. There was a writer I knew who confidently announced in public print that he was going to write three novels, the first about North American Indians, the second about Mexican Indians, the third about South American Indians, and when he turned in his manuscript it was a three hundred thousand word opus on the Chicago stock yards. Writing to me is still too much of a mysterious and exasperating process for me to know what I am going to do until I have done it. A perfectly alive and seemingly foolproof story will go dead, right in the middle, for no reason. On the other hand, an insignificant incident will suddenly bring to life a whole new and exciting world. The genesis of "Little Jo" was no more than a glimpse of a very small, big-eyed boy, up to something he shouldn't have been, because he scurried away from me like a rabbit. Out of this grew a book which pleased me. The novel I am doing now has a different genesis, but whether it will "come off" I would not dare say until it is all written.

Jeanne Singer

"This Festive Season"

IT is impossible to profit from the criticism of a completed book. Criticism always comes too late. By the time you hear what you have done wrong, or rather by the time you have learned what has not come out right, the book is finished, and there is nothing more finished than a published book. You may wish to change it, just as you may wish that at twenty you had been a better dancer. You may know that if you had been braver at twenty, you might have had a richer life, but the lesson is valueless since now the need may be for caution and less dancing.

Moreover, if you listen to enough of it, you find that criticism usually cancels itself out. For instance, one critical friend has been most enthusiastic about the brisk, narrative style of my prologue, after which the body of the

Jeanne Singer —*Mary Morris*

book appears to him to be soft and diffuse. Then another equally perceptive critic comes along who says, "Lord, how you've grown up during that job. The prologue is bare and frightened compared to the rich, free use you've made of your material in the body of the book."

I've been told that the characters are all complete and three dimensional with the exception of Sturtevant, but then I've been told that Sturtevant is the only one of the people in the book who really comes to life.

There is only one point on which everyone has agreed and that is on the dangers implicit in a thesis novel. Any novel that tries to make a point, espouse a cause, or influence opinion in any way will probably have too little argument or too much; and the same book is likely to have too much for one reader and not enough for the next. I have found that the people who are interested in democratic problems, who feel strongly the importance of justice to minorities, are angry because I have not hit hard enough at anti-Semites, and because there are large sections of the story which do not forward any argument at all.

The others, however, the people to whom the point is a new one, who have been indifferent to the situation and to the tragedies involved in it, shy away. They may wish to avoid taking on a new problem that has not bothered them before, and they may not want to have anything to do with any problems at all.

Yet these people constitute the most desirable audience for the book in that they are the real target for the argument. This paradox is familiar to every exponent of a cause. His constant fate is to hold meetings attended only by the people who agree with him anyhow.

Both of these difficulties were as well known to me after ten pages of manuscript were completed as they are now; and yet "This Festive Season" discusses a problem, and must plead guilty to the charge of being a thesis novel. This is not due to cussedness alone but to the simple fact that "This Festive Season" was the only book I could write at that time. Nothing anybody could say could change it then, no matter how agreeable I tried to be; and to start the same book over again now would be impossible, as impossible as it is to begin again in a human relationship.

The question, however, still stands. What would you do if you could do your book over again with full knowledge of everything the critics have said? By ignoring all thought of possibility, it is easy to answer that question. I would write a book much more like "Pride and Prejudice," or one more closely resembling "Kristin Lavransdätter," with just possibly a touch of "Moby Dick." That is, of course, provided I could resist the temptation to be S. J. Perelman.

Elizabeth Janeway

"The Walsh Girls"

IF you have spent seven years writing a book, the idea of anyone calling you up and asking you how you would rewrite it is enough to throw you into a cauld grue. I would not rewrite "The Walsh Girls" for love, money, fame, or even the critics. I couldn't anyway. By the time I got through writing the book, the girls were bossing me around. They knew what they were going to do and did it, no matter how I felt about it. I couldn't rewrite in the sense of making my people different, for all the tea in China. That's what those people were like.

Some of the critics liked my book and my people. Some liked the book and thought the people dull. Some couldn't stand the book at any price—Harvey Breit in *The New Republic,* for instance. I have reread Mr. Breit's criticism carefully several times, but it hasn't done me any good. The only reply I can make to Mr. Breit is "I can too write," and that doesn't get us very far.

I think the people who found "The Walsh Girls" a bit dull have something on their side. You see, I was trying to learn how to write a novel while I was working on "The Walsh Girls" and, to a certain extent, I deliberately wrote about people who wouldn't get in the way of my literary five-finger exercises. Also, my first plan for the book was intensely melo-

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Elizabeth Janeway —*Pix*

dramatic, and after I changed this plan I may have suppressed any tendencies in that direction too thoroughly.

The critics and my own opinions point to certain changes in the future. First, I'm going to write about much more decisive people. I'm not scared of them any more. Second, I want to write much more directly and tensely. I want to tell my stories and make my points with greater emphasis on action and dialogue than on introspective studies. Why? I don't know. I think it's an advance in technique. And I'm going to break my back to be a good technician. Who do I mean are good technicians? Well, I've just been rereading "Madame Bovary" and "A Farewell to Arms." My God, I want to be that good. Delusions of grandeur, no doubt.

Warrior on the Field of Reason

GOD AND EVIL. By C. E. M. Joad. New York: Harper & Bros. 1943. 349 *pp., with index,* $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT BIERSTADT

IN all the chorus of voices recently raised in defense of religion it is most surprising to hear the *basso profundo* of Joad. For C. E. M. Joad, the man whom Bennett Cerf calls the Oscar Levant of the British "Information Please," has for many years exhibited himself as the champion of agnosticism and the baiter of bishops. What in the world, one is tempted to ask, caused this doughty warrior on the field of reason to break his sword into bits and to surrender it to the theologians? The answer, of course, is the war. Not until the Nazis began to fester in the body politic of the world did this British philosopher commence to feel the presence and the primacy of a force his reason was unable to analyze or explain away—the force of evil. Evil is real, declares Joad; the Nazis have proved it. Humiliated by the presence of this evil, as every decent philosopher must be, and challenged by the stark fact of its obtrusivenesss, Joad decided that it was time to reëxamine the religious hypothesis in an earnest endeavor to find an explanation.

The motivation, then, is clear, but the intent of the book, unfortunately, is not. It seems that Joad has not broken his sword at all, but only given it to the bishops to hold for a moment before snatching it back and using it to cut a wide swath through their cherished notions. For, he says, no reasonable man can give rational assent to the propositions of religion. The doctrines that there is a God and that he is good are incapable of proof at best, and any philosopher worth his salt can plug them full of holes in a few forensic minutes. Religion may be an urgent necessity in the world today, and this Joad has come to believe, but to accept the hypothesis on logical grounds is asking too much. Furthermore, of all the religions which society currently has to offer, Christianity merits least the careful consideration of an honest philosopher. Two aspects of Christianity in particular appear reprehensible and even ridiculous to Joad, one that Jesus Christ has or had a unique status in the universe, and another that man himself owns a distinctive and superior place in it. To subscribe to the first is to be guilty of a "topographical and temporal parochialism," and to subscribe to the second is to utter a gross conceit. Most irritating of all is the Christian habit of labeling as a cardinal sin an inability to assent to a set of highly dubious propositions. Finally, Joad is unimpressed by the character and personality of Jesus and devotes a number of pages to berating him for his intolerance and his followers for their credulity.

In short, the author now feels an importunate need to worship or at least acknowledge a power outside ourselves who can somehow compensate for a world wallowing in evil, but of rational arguments to support this feeling he confesses he has none. All the evidence points in the other direction. It may be true, as Joad says, that "unless there is a more abundant life beyond mankind, this world of material things in space and time is a bad joke beyond our understanding, a vulgar laugh braying across the mysteries." It may also be true, however, that the cosmos laughs not with vulgarity but merely with indifference. A younger philosopher, impressed by the peerless vigor of Joad's logic and suspicious of feelings which however powerful can take him only just to "the affirmative side of agnosticism" might regret that this British stalwart can no longer, with Marlowe, "count religion but a childish toy and hold there is no sin but ignorance."

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

FIRST LINES OF FAMOUS POEMS

Here are the first lines of 20 well-known poems. Can you identify each poem and name the poet who wrote it? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 32.

1. A gentle knight was pricking on the plaine. . . .
2. Blessings on thee, little man!
3. Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans. . . .
4. Come live with me and be my Love. . . .
5. Descend, ye Nine! descend and sing!
6. Earth has not anything to show more fair. . . .
7. Goodbye, proud world! I'm going home. . . .
8. Hence, vain deluding Joys. . . .
9. Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen. . . .
10. I have had playmates, I have had companions. . . .
11. I met a traveller from an antique land. . . .
12. It was many and many a year ago. . . .
13. It was roses, roses, all the way. . . .
14. Jenny kissed me when we met. . . .
15. Much have I travelled in the realms of gold. . . .
16. Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain. . . .
17. Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean. . . .
18. Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind. . . .
19. The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold. . . .
20. Why so pale and wan, fond lover?

Buy War Bonds and Stamps

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A First Novelist Comes Through

REUNION ON STRAWBERRY HILL. By Berenice Thorpe. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1944. 303 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by STRUTHERS BURT

TO Mrs. Thorpe I am grateful. With this her first novel, winner of the Alfred A. Knopf 1941 Fellowship in Fiction, she has made for herself a secure place in my gallery of authors, for not only has she written an extremely interesting novel, and a curiously ingratiatingly warm one, but she gave me a most pleasant surprise. And surprise followed by growing admiration is a happy combination.

I don't like most novels. Perhaps that is because, in my estimation, novels are far and away the most important form of writing, now that the mood no longer stomachs the poetic drama. I set therefore a high standard. But whatever it is, most novels bore me. Somewhere half through, if not in the beginning, they give me a sense of loss and weariness just as do most modern plays. I begin to wonder what it is all about, and why there's so much fuss. And frequently, I regret to say, I don't like the novelist. Novels are peculiarly personal and revealing documents. I admire the intention, invariably; I respect the labor, inevitably, having written novels myself, but that does not overcome the mental and physical fatigue. So far as I can see, the only advantage the average novel has over the average play, is that you don't have to take a taxicab and breathe bad air. To the contrary, you can get undressed, rather than dressed, climb into bed, and, should the thing become insupportable, walk out on it symbolically without anyone being the wiser.

Moreover, war has helped enormously in this respect. All books are lovely to read in bed now, even Hendrik van Loon's.

None the less, I don't like most novels, and I especially don't like those beginning with someone called "Ma," and that's the way Mrs. Thorpe's book begins. Also, it takes place almost entirely on a farm, or, since the farm is in the State of Washington, on what would be called, I suppose "a small ranch"—a strawberry ranch. Having ranched most of my life, I am, to say the least, skittish about novels that take place mostly on a farm or a ranch. And so I began "Reunion on Strawberry Hill" with a prejudice, and almost at once I found myself engrossed, moved, and frequently delighted.

"Ma" turns out to be one of the most endearing characters I have come across in a long while; this old American farm-woman and ranch-woman of Swedish descent—Anna Clementina Christine Lengaard, born Nordby. And "Pa" is equally endearing; "Pa," industrious, sensible, frugal, but with the wandering foot. The lust for what is over the hill. Women are good creatures, when they are good. Heartbreaking in their strength and endurance and the unseen girders of their support. I've seen and known well so many of these old frontier couples. Mrs. Thorpe is an expert on love; the ordinary kind, and then the kind that mortices. She brings this out in another woman; a young woman; Mary, the wife of Jim, the Lengaards' oldest son. It's deep and runic knowledge, and a lot of people haven't it nowadays, nor have they time to learn.

Mrs. Thorpe is also an expert about country. Wherever she turns to it—Nebraska, Washington, anywhere—it comes alive, and you see it, and smell it, and walk through it. As a matter of fact, to be an expert in anything, you have to start by loving it, don't you? Even if you deprecate it, even if you wish it different. And it's because Mrs. Thorpe loves country so much and likes people so much, even when they make her angry, that this book has its fine warm quality, like a Chinook wind.

Berenice Thorpe

It isn't perfect. Mrs. Thorpe becomes spendthrift with her incidents and action toward the climax. She manages to keep them credible, but there's too much of everything. She is also not always happy with some of her minor characters. She's too harsh with them at times; too forgiving at others. Forgiveness and understanding, satire and compassion, are fine qualities in a book, but the first two and the last should not obscure judgment. Mrs. Thorpe, furthermore, is noticeably kinder to her erring men-folk than to her women, which may be the result of her own more or less frontier upbringing. Carl, the younger Lengaard son, for all his poetry and surface romance, is an unmitigated—well, Mrs. Thorpe, having been born in Nebraska, knows what I mean. Finally, whenever the action accelerates, the definite article is left out. Recently I've come across a number of books and stories by American women where this happens. I wonder why. Perhaps it's because in this rude man's-world, men are supposed to do the story-telling and women are supposed to listen. At least, that's the custom in this rude man's-world of America. English women writers are not bothered in the same way. Their men don't treat them half as well as American men treat their women, but they listen to them a lot more. Anyway, small as it is, the definite article is a most important word, and if you leave it out, the result is a sense of breathlessness, almost of hysteria, and the first thing you know, your reader becomes confused and in as much of a hurry to get along with it as you are.

Mrs. Thorpe doesn't have to do this. She writes too well. Beside, she is one of those writers whose sentences you like to savor. She can take her time.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 36

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. The solution to Crypt No. 36 *will be found in the next issue.*

ABCD F GCC H JCKLBHDM NPCK-QNRFMC MN BFG LSGMNJCKG, TCVVFDV MBCJ MN MHGMC H RFMMRC TKHDWX HDW MBKNAFDV BHRO BFG VNNWG ND MBC LNSDMCK,—MBFDYG F, MBHM JHD BHG HD HZC MN VKFDW. — *ABN'RR MSKD VKFDWGMNDCG.*

—LBHKRCG JFDCK.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 35

THOSE WHO DREAM BY DAY ARE COGNIZANT OF MANY THINGS WHICH ESCAPE THOSE WHO DREAM ONLY BY NIGHT. — ELEANORA.

—EDGAR POE

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Journey to Heaven with Pinky

GOD'S FRONT PORCH. By Ketti Frings. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1944. 121 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

THIS simple, sentimental excursion into fantasy will certainly delight many readers, and there is no good reason why a reviewer who is something less than delighted by it should treat it with anything but kindness. One might quarrel with the publisher's assertion that this story is "so startling, so original, so provocative that you will never forget it," but jacket claims are so notoriously foolish, and so often embarrassing to the writers they puff, that they are best ignored.

Like many an author before her, Mrs. Frings takes her readers up to heaven. On this occasion we make the journey with Corporal Pinky Harrison, who has just been killed in North Africa. We travel in an old-fashioned train, remarkably like "the train down home, the Elm City run," that Pinky remembers, and with a mixed lot of passengers, up and up through the clouds, until we reach Heavenly Bend Junction. There we get off with Pinky and Rion, the young German soldier, and Emily, the war correspondent, and a good many more. But about half of the passengers stay aboard, headed for the Big Valley, to which those who have left earth with no regrets can go directly. The others—like Pinky, who had everything to live for: he was only twenty-two and his wife, Martha, was about to have a baby—must stop at the Junction until they have ceased to look back, and are ready to go on to the Valley's peace. Young people, it seems, usually stop off, while many of the older passengers and most of the colored ones go straight on.

Pinky and Emily have barely alighted when they realize that they are alone in having no one to greet them. An Oriental gentleman is welcoming a group of Mohammedans; some Chinese peasants are gathering round a jolly old fellow who bears a strong resemblance to Buddha; Rion has hurried to report to a German officer; while a white-haired Negro, whom any theatre-goer would recognize as De Lawd, is looking vainly for colored passengers, and an elderly Jew is collecting his own unerringly and with great kindliness, even when they have arrived under altered names. But there is no one waiting for Pinky and Emily. —And then they see him, hurrying towards them, apologetic, hot, and out of breath. Pinky would have known the old man anywhere, and Emily tucks her arm through his with the wonderful feeling that at last there is someone to guide and comfort her.

The God of Pinky and Emily is just folks; his house, with its wide porch and rockers and hammock, reminds the young soldier of "a place up in the Catawba Mountains," known to

him only through an advertising folder, to which he and Martha had dreamed of going; and God's behavior and conversation are rather reminiscent of a benevolent and bothered small-town judge in a radio serial. He is capable of "muttering something about 'going to turn up the stars a little brighter—have a passenger out, you know'." And the author is capable of sending him out "with his starlighter." After which we read:

> "My, that was a job." God was panting a little. "Funny thing happened, too. One little star. . . I was raising all hell with it . . . couldn't get it to brighten a bit. Know what, son?" The old man sat down beside him, shook his head, chuckled faintly. "It wasn't a star at all . . . it was the tail-light of an airplane! I'd forgotten for a moment . . . shouldn't have, of course, because know what happened a couple of years ago?"
>
> Pinky shook his head.
>
> "The birds sent a delegation! They'd decided they wanted tail-lights too! Oh, I tell you, it's getting difficult to keep the little fellows happy. The little folk of nature envying the world of man. I just don't get it anymore."

Fantasy, like some other kinds of writing, becomes literature through distinction of thought and distinction of style. One sees the finished product in such books as Robert Nathan's best and C. S. Lewis's "Out of the Silent Planet." The style of "God's Front Porch" is undistinguished and its thought content is comfortably commonplace. Having set out to answer the question, "What the Hell is going on in Heaven that they permit this Mess on Earth!" the author proffers the answer that it is man who is neglecting God, not God who is neglecting man. This may be the right answer, but it is also trite. However, Mrs. Frings does provide God with a nice little miracle to perform, thereby ending her tale at its high point, and it is even possible that readers who are capable of being comforted by an adolescent's conception of deity may, in addition to pleasant reading, find in this book the comfort that the publisher promises.

Peruvian Episodes

THE GOLDEN SERPENT. By Ciro Alegria. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1943. 242 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by KATHARINE SIMONDS

WHERE the mighty River Maranon breaks through the mountains in Peru, the people are half-breeds, in that Spanish-Indian tradition in which mingle pride and poverty, noble gravity and superstition, beauty and filth. These half-breeds are the characters in Mr. Alegria's rather dreamy series of episodes. There is Arturo, the boatman who carries off Lucinda after a battle with the hated soldiers at a nearby fiesta; his brother Roge, also a boatman, who defies the Maranon and loses; the itinerant and rascally priest who steals the money given to celebrate masses for the repose of the dead; there is the witch who was burned at the stake. And weaving through all the other episodes is the story of Don Osvalso, the gentleman from Lima, who came confident that he could conquer the jungle, and remained to dread the jungle; to live in sloth and drug-induced dreams, and to die horribly.

But the reader does not get to know these characters as people; they are a tableau, a frieze, rather than living creatures. The experiences which we have in common with them do not bring us together; though the author shows us their birth, their death and mating and hunger and disease, he cannot make us feel with them. It is clear that this grimace indicates joy, that anger, this agony, yet one senses no response in one's own muscles. It is not that Mr. Alegria wishes to show us, to quote the title of his earlier book, how "broad and alien is the world," but that his characters are undifferentiated, a group, not individuals.

The central figure of the book, and the only source of its small, but real distinction, is the great Maranon itself. Mr. Alegria's sad, grave, even eloquence reproduces something of a river's melodious monotonous flow.

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THE NEW WRITERS

SINCE American literature came into its own as a part of our national culture and began to reflect the ideas and the passions of creative writers from all over the country, it has not passed through a period so difficult to label as that revealed by the work of the most promising new writers who have appeared during the past year. It has little of the cynicism or the violence of the twenties, that sense of indignation at the imperfections of American institutions that almost succeeded in giving us a national inferiority complex. It is no longer hard-boiled and consciously tough, the after-effect of the lawlessness and bitterness resulting from prohibition and the depression days. It is not even a regional literature, so that novelists of today cannot be successfully divided into New England, or Southern, or Middle-Western groups. With some exceptions it is not even a war literature, though the Second World War is now almost five years old, nor is it deeply concerned with world politics like many of the novels that appeared between Munich and Pearl Harbor, that period perhaps more dreadful than war itself, when creative minds were aghast at the approaching peril to our civilization. And it is certainly not an escapist or a defeatist literature.

The new novelists who have appeared recently seem to have sprung up from everywhere and they are writing about scenes with which they are familiar and about people and ideas that are close to their hearts. Through many of their books runs a consciousness of the dangerous days through which we have so recently passed and of the perils ahead, but this sombre theme is almost an afterthought, as if it were still so new that it could not yet be evaluated, as men and women pick up the morning paper to read of battle and destruction around the world, and then turn back to their normal occupations and interests.

It is sufficient to make a haphazard list of some of these new writers and briefly state the themes with which they are involved, or at least of a few of them which have come to an editor's attention, to show how little unity in ideas, and situations, in background, they have.

Christine Weston's "Indigo" is a dramatic and sensitive approach to the temperamental differences between white and brown men in India. The writer, born in India, is an American by right of marriage and residence in Maine. Alexander Saxton's "Grand Crossing" is concerned with a young man's panoramic voyage of discovery among the working people over a large section of the country. Betty Smith, whose "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" has deservedly become a national best-seller, has produced a sympathetic and loving study of a family struggling out of poverty and city slums a quarter of a century ago. Alan Seager's "Equinox" is a psychological approach to perverted love, like Dorothy Baker's "Trio," though Miss Baker's earlier "Young Man with a Horn" actually rules her out of this list. Laura Hobson's "The Trespassers" and Jeanne Singer's "The Festive Season" deal with the problems of refugees from Europe. Elizabeth Janeway's "The Walsh Sisters" is a small-town drama of family conflict and sex frustration. Bucklin Moon is concerned with racial antagonisms in "The Darker Brother." Robert Bright, a Bostonian, has found in New Mexico a theme for a tender and passionate novel in the humble lives of primitive villagers. Helen Howe, a distinguished monologuist, in "The Whole Heart" tells the story of four women's assault on a timid but charming male, with Boston society gently disintegrating in the background. In "Heaven Is a Windswept Hill," Earl Guy shows a poor farming family drowned out by one of the yearly floods of the lower Mississippi; man's struggle against nature on the rampage. "The Lost Week-end," Charles Jackson's recent and already famous revelation of four horrifying days of a drunkard's debauch, enables him to turn a weak man inside out and at the same time to write a dramatic text-book on alcoholism. John Hersey's "A Bell for Adano" is an absorbing and thoughtful, though somehow lighthearted, story of the American occupation of an Italian town. This novel, the forerunner of the flood of war novels that will follow it, reveals how dangerous an unthinking and brutal commanding officer can be in destroying what thoughtful and generous plans we may make for the peoples of the countries we must invade before we can strike at the hearts of our enemies; it should be required reading for the State Department and for all the officers of A.M.G. The last arrival among the new writers is Berenice Thorpe and her novel, "Reunion on Strawberry Hill," has in it her love of the country, and the lusty virtues and vices of pioneering farmers, though the farm is a strawberry ranch in the state of Washington. It is the latest result of the Knopf "Fellowship in Fiction" award and is reviewed by Struthers Burt in this issue.

Nearly all of these writers are promising and vigorous, however unequal in merit their books may be; but it is impossible to say that any one of them is truly "great" or that from their first books one can discern a future Thomas Wolfe, Steinbeck, or Hemingway. Four, at least, of the last five to appear in print, Charles Jackson, John Hersey, Robert Bright, Jeanne Singer, and Berenice Thorpe, have new books in progress, or have planned them. Their place in some future history of American literature will depend, as will that of all the others, on how deeply they are engrossed in one group of characters, or in one idea. The young novelist's work must either embrace so wide a field of knowledge or so deep a sympathy for human beings that he cannot conceive of ever exhausting the spring that nourishes his talent, or he must have that intense curiosity about everything on earth that lies about him that the squirrel shows among rodents, or the journalist among writers.

The novelist who concentrates on one locality is in danger of finding after his third or fourth novel that he has no more to say, and that he is repeating himself. Mr. Bright, for example, could not forever write about New Mexico, no matter how well he understands its primitive people, nor could Miss Singer delve into the maladjustments of the refugees from Europe for more than one or two more books, though perhaps it is insulting these writers to suggest that their horizons are in the least limited. Mr. Jackson might very well fill in the space he has left almost blank in the life of his alcoholic with one more book, or he might create a group of people around him whose problems would be worth exploring with still another, and Mr. Hersey will find that even so gigantic a subject as the American soldier in World War II has its limitations in time. Miss Smith, on the other hand, is engrossed with poverty in our city slums, and it is easy to believe that she has the broad humanity, the compassion for poor chil-

(Continued on page 32)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Norman Douglas's Limericks

SIR: Cowl Rider in his February 5 limerick article should have mentioned the fact that Norman Douglas assiduously collected, brilliantly annotated, and printed the most unprintable of the unprintable limericks. A copy may be had for about five bucks from any bootlegger, and even in the back rooms of some respectable bookstores.

T. L. BAILEY.

Cleveland, Ohio

"Cultural Dimout"

SIR: Above all the rattle of confused thinking on every conceivable topic, currently appearing in newspapers and magazines, Dr. Dodds's article in your issue of January 29 flashed like a beacon in the night. Without such occasional readjustment we shall all "go haywire." The *SRL* is splendidly applying a very great wartime need.

FRED E. MCMILLEN,
U. S. Navy.

Cleveland, Ohio

"You can come out of the shower, darling, the plumber's gone."

SIR: Dr. Dodds's article seemed to me a pertinent contribution to the problem of revitalizing the humanities. But I cannot agree with his statement that the sophomore's ability to absorb the punishment which the pseudo-scientific humanistic pedants deal out is "almost beyond calculation."

It is partly because the patience of many young students is limited that the humanities, particularly literary scholarship, find themselves in their present straightened circumstances. In the majority of liberal arts colleges today, all entering students are required to take a course in Composition. Here the literary-minded youngsters who are already on their way to a mastery of the art of writing are herded together with those to whom the difference between a comma and a period is still a mystery. The teaching is necessarily cast on the lowest level. The embryo pedant, usually a doctoral candidate, to whom the teaching is intrusted, frequently lacks the resources to criticize intelligently the better-written themes; so he marks them with a non-committal "Very Good" and thereby infuriates more often than pleases the earnest student.

At the end of a year of this treatment the disillusioned freshman learns that the English Department has by no means come to the end of the insults it has in store for him. As a sophomore he must take a general course in literature. The bookish youth enters with high hopes, only to find the course no more than a superficial summary of works he has long since read; the pleasure he originally derived from the books contrasts sadly with the soggy doses of "culture" now ladled out to him by some watery-eyed underling of the English staff. On completing these labors of despair the "potential English student" is at last free to elect advanced courses which, I gladly admit, are often taught by men of sound scholarship and splendid teaching ability. But it is usually too late. The cycle has served only to perpetuate itself.

For other departments do not commonly show their worst face to lower classmen. In the pure sciences especially the general courses are often taught by men of high standing in research, who by their own infectious example can stimulate and inspire. The student is kept working at the highest pitch of his ability—and enthusiasm. It's "tough," in student parlance, but to the eager student to whom intellectual vitality is the greatest good, it's also "fun."

I draw my argument from experience. Eleven years ago I was a "potential English student" in a big Eastern university. But the English Department kept its pearls, which it indeed possessed, hidden from my eyes until I had moved my enthusiasm elsewhere. Thus I am now a biologist.

FLORENCE MOOG.

Washington University
St. Louis, Mo.

Fragrant Error

SIR: It would make me feel awfully good

☞ If you'd spell flair the way one should.
☞ FLARE, like that, means blaze or flame,
☞ But FLAIR, dear sir, is not the same.
☞ FLAIR is that which can impart
☞ (To those who have a nose for art)
☞ A keen and curious social scent,
☞ A premonition of the event.
☞ Instruct your printer this word to spell
☞ With A-I-R, from the French to smell.

P. E. G. QUERCUS.

"Chapelle"

SIR: I want to tell you the thrill I got from reading "Chapelle," by William Rose Benét, in the January 15 issue. I wish more of that kind of stuff could get into print—something that takes us right by the throat. In the middle of our appeasements and shilly-shallyings, our timidity in stating a conviction today, this poem sounded like a Moscow salvo. I hope that contemporary poetry will revert to some of the affirmatives of life. The *SRL* stands central to our journals here upon our "union" tables.

E. J. GRATT.

Victoria College,
Toronto, Canada.

"The War Dead"

SIR: I could easily send poet William Rose Benét's "The War Dead" [*SRL*, January 29, 1944] home for reference in days when my memory may not hold it well together as at this moment and leave it at that; but such silent acceptance would, to my mind, be an act of ingratitude. I have no right to say that I know great poetry, but I see in this the high moral seriousness to which Arnold referred. It carries the right side, or what I believe to be the right side, of an im-

(*Continued on page* 33)

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TRADE Winds

"THE CUSTOMERS ALWAYS WRITE."

From Miss Joanna Roos:

"The few lines in last week's Trade Winds about Gisela Werberzirk—I didn't know about the Piffl part!—have made me recall a touching experience I had in Hollywood last year. I thought you might like to hear about it.

"Mr. Goldwyn was giving a series of try-outs at the Lobero Theatre in Santa Barbara, and I had been sent for to play in one of them. During the first rehearsal I noticed two people sitting together at one side of the studio. The woman, about sixty-seven or -eight, was like the Duchess in 'Alice in Wonderland,' plus a twinkle. She was taking in everything that was going on through a pair of snapping blue eyes, and communicating it to a man in his seventies who sat beside her, fat, bald, and sad. These two were Madame Gisela Werberzirk and her husband.

"They were two wonderful and heartbreaking people. Madame, I found out, had been for forty years the idol of the musical comedy stage in Middle Europe—the clown commedienne, something like our own Marie Dressler. Since her girlhood fifty years ago each night's appearance on the stage was the cue for wild applause, and affectionate laughter at her really ludicrous appearance. And she had held innumerable audiences enthralled with her songs and monologues, local quips and innuendoes. She was the toast of the music halls. After she married her impresario they became an inseparable team, like Yvette Guilbert and Max Schiller, or Elizabeth Bergner and Paul Czinner of today.

"I don't know the story of their flight from the Nazis, but they wound up in California destitute and old. John Houseman and Vladomir Sokoloff, our directors, gave her the small part of a lady's maid in the play, 'Lottie Dundass,' and only actors who have played with other Continental stars can understand the laughter and misery of trying to get through a scene with her. Like a good many such, she had no sense of ensemble playing, no pace as we know it, but simply one of those devastating personalities which cannot be confined to lines. She had, as a matter of fact, only about four lines altogether, aside from 'Yes, Miss,' or 'No, Miss,' but what she did with them! And to them! One of them, I remember, was 'I told her not to have an operation here in the provinces.' When she had finished with it, we had been treated to some hilarious pantomime of a hospital patient being butchered, and the play was out the window.

"Both Madame and her husband were full of shrewd good humor, and a fine capacity for giving advice to younger players and making them glad to have it. That they were hungry at the time, we didn't know. They never let that interfere with their pathetic belief that Madame's career had started up again.

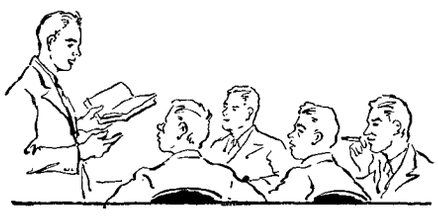
"But she fell ill. Two days before we opened, the past few years caught up with her and she couldn't get out of bed. They were in despair, but the play went on without her, while Monsieur tried to hearten her by bringing her cups of orange juice from the drug store.

"The last I saw of them was two months later. I was in a bus, and as we passed a corner, there they stood, old, fat, and forgotten, carrying a string shopping bag, and waiting for the lights to change."

From Robert Hammond Murray, of the Military Services Publishing Company:

"Old John Rodemeyer, high in the eighties, died the other day up in Greenwich, Connecticut. He edited for more than a generation a newspaper in those parts, and did it well, with wit, philosophy, common sense, and gusto. Back in 1915 he staged a one-man rebellion, in verse, against our unseemly—both in words and music—national anthem, after having heard it mangled and mumbled by a crowd at a Memorial Day celebration. He flung to the winds this parody, partly in protest and partly in a spirit of clean fun and good-humored kidding:

O say, can you sing, from the start to the end,
What so proudly we stand for when orchestras play it;
When the whole congregation, in voices that blend,
Strike up the grand hymn and then torture and slay it?
How they bellow and shout when they're first starting out,



But "the dawn's early light" finds them flound'ring about.
'Tis "The Star-Spangled Banner" they're trying to sing,
But they don't know the words of the precious old thing.

Hark, "the twilight's last gleaming" has some of them stopped
But the valiant survivors press forward serenely
To "the ramparts we watched," where some others are dropped
And the loss of the leaders is manifest keenly.
Then the "rockets' red glare" gives the bravest a scare,
And there's few left to face "the bombs bursting in air"—
'Tis a thin line of heroes that manage to save
The last of the verse, and "the home of the brave."

"This should have earned John a complimentary pass through the pearly gates. Here's hoping it did, and that when he presented it Peter said: 'Come right on in, John, and sit down. We've been waiting for you.'"

From Russell Whelan:

"You will recall me as your guest on one of your early 'Books Are Bullets' shows, which discussed my book 'The Flying Tigers.'

"I write to you now in medium desperation, seeking a cure for a writer's cramp which has afflicted me for about a year. I thought it possible that in your own experience, or in your acquaintanceship, or among the readers of your column in *The Saturday Review,* the answer to this mysterious crippling might be found.

"The thing first appeared as a cramp in my right palm, and as I write this a year later I can feel the same cramp preparing to hit. After the first one the whole arm got sore and the fingers seemed to swell after the slightest exertion. I have tried two osteopaths, two chiropractors, one osteologist, several general practitioners, baking treatments, short wave shock treatments, dental X-rays, *et al,* with the results nil. Massage was useless also.

"I have not yet tried diet. My health generally is excellent, all blood and other tests register nothing but the best, but still I cannot use my right hand for more than five or ten minutes of typing or pencil work without pain or cramping.

"I can't believe I've developed an affliction hitherto unknown to medical science. In the belief that it must also have happened to some other two-fingered typist, I thought I'd appeal to you. Maybe a paragraph about it in your column might net me a cure."

From Sam Lincoln, of the booksellers' fraternity:

"A very long-ago, well-known composer of Tinpannia had been subject

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to hard luck. Nothing he wrote seemed to click. He had been, however, frugal and scheming with his current cash and had things so well planned that on the day his piano went back to the finance company, his rent expired, and the last egg of his last dozen would be served for breakfast.

"The night before THAT day he dreamed the most wonderful music he had ever heard and hopped out of bed with a song on his lips and hope in his heart. He was SURE he could recapture the dream and save all—before noon, so he sat down to a fine breakfast.

"Fortified thus he went to the piano in high spirit and began to search for chords—but alas, nothing was right and dejection burned his soul. He thought, 'Perhaps if I snatch a nap the dream will return to me,' and dropped into an easy chair and closed his eyes.

"About that time the cat came into the room and leapt upon the keyboard —striking the EXACT chord that our hero was searching for!

"He awoke from reverie with a start and seeing the cat on the keyboard, screamed, 'Hold it—HOLD IT —MY GOD, CAT, *HOLD THAT CHORD!*' . . . but the cat was scared almost to death and jumped from the piano and started to run from the room with him after it.

"He finally caught the critter by the tail and ran back to the piano and put him on the keys and said, perhaps with gestures, 'Do that again!'

"Naturally, the cat was scared and ran down every white key on the board and some of the black.

"'*THAT'S* not it, you fool!' screamed our hero—but the cat just turned with a sneer and said, 'Of course not, you bum, you pushed me!'"

From Orson Falk, of Phoenix, Arizona:

"Ashton Stevens mentioned a piece about book clubs that you wrote for the anniversary number of *Variety*. The few copies of that issue that came to Phoenix were gobbled up before I and some other followers of Trade Winds could get on the job. How about reprinting the piece in the *SRL?*"

That will be my pleasure, Mr. Falk. Here it is:

THE CASE OF THE PRESUMPTUOUS BOOKLOVER

SCENE: A bookstore.

TIME: The present.

CUSTOMER: Have you a copy of a book by John O'Hara called ——

BOOKSELLER: Just a minute, Mister. Is the book you want a Book-of-the-Month Club choice? Was it one of the extraordinary best-sellers offered to members of the Literary Guild? Was it selected as an enduring masterpiece by a committee of four great authorities for the Classics Club?

CUSTOMER: Well, I don't know about that. A friend of mine was telling me that this fellow O'Hara ——

BOOKSELLER: Never mind a friend of yours. How about the Council on Books in Wartime? Did they name this book an Imperative? Was it picked out by the Advisory Committee of the O.W.I.? Did Donald Gordon give it "AAA"? Did Virginia Kirkus put it on her "special list"?

CUSTOMER: Honest, I just read a piece in the paper that made me think that this book by O'Hara ——

BOOKSELLER: At least the book was rescued from oblivion by three famous judges of the Readers' Club? Or it's one of the great advantages you are privileged to enjoy as a member of the Dollar Book Club? Or it's the cream of the finest modern books offered by the Detective Book Club?

CUSTOMER: I just happened to have a free evening tonight, and I thought I'd take a crack at this O'Hara ——

BOOKSELLER: (despairingly) Think, man, think! It must have been a Harper ten thousand dollar prize novel, or a Houghton Mifflin Life in America award, or a Knopf Fellowship winner? Maybe the Catholic Book Club picked it? Or the Scientific Book Club? Or the Hollywood Book Club? I know! Dr. Gallup has discovered by his unique method of scientific research that this book has the widest appeal, possesses the most substance and genuine worth, and contributes that stimulating excitement and lasting pleasure which makes it worthy of distribution by the Sears-Roebuck People's Book Club!

CUSTOMER: Now really, Mister, I never heard of any of those clubs you're talking about. I just came in to buy a book by John O'Hara that I thought I'd like to read ——

BOOKSELLER: (roaring to clerk in rear of store) Joe, throw this guy out of here! He's got the gall to want to choose his own reading!

CURTAIN

Philip Van Doren Stern, of Armed Services Editions, rates the last line of this week's column for his sally at the Council's most recent meeting. Somebody suggested "The Ten Commandments" for a Services edition. "It's much too long," opined one director. "Wait a minute," urged Stern, who was trained by S. and S. "How about using only five of them and calling it 'A Treasury of the World's Best Commandments'?"

BENNETT CERF.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Ramón J. Sender

—author of *Dark Wedding*, the man Ernest Hemingway called Spain's finest novelist—has a new novel that takes you out of today's turmoil back to the Spain of yesteryear. This story of Pepe, the father he resented, and Valentina who gave him the electrifying yet tender experience of first love, is a masterpiece of writing about a youth whose happiness in childhood gave him strength for today's ordeals.

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DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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Adventures and Reforms in the Life of America

Phases of the Nation's Social History

H. J. HASKELL

A RELATIVELY mature America is disposed to look back upon its exuberant youth—in those infrequent intervals when it does look back—with amused curiosity. Grandfather, as Richardson Wright sets forth in the title of a recent book, was queer.

If he lived in an ordinary small-town Protestant community he made Sunday the sort of day commemorated by Mark Twain in "Adam's Diary"—"Sunday. Pulled through." He regarded Cornell as an "infidel college" because chapel attendance was not compulsory. He was intrigued by the Cardiff giant fake. His doctor thought that wearing a string of amber beads might be good for Willie's asthma. My own father as a sophomore in Williams College in the 1850's first came upon "Paradise Lost" and found it so exciting that he sat up all night reading it. How far away and long ago it all seems!

As a nation we can understand Stevenson's, "Sing me a song of a lad that is gone," and we echo incredulously, "Say, can that lad be I?" Yet we know we are the lad that is gone; that somehow we are developed from him and that the experiences of his youth still affect our thinking and what we call our way of life.

We are the product of Jefferson's faith in democracy and Hamilton's dictum, "Your people, sir—your people is a great beast"; of the revivalism of Peter Cartwright and the Unitarianism of William Ellery Channing; of the tolerance of Roger Williams's Rhode Island, and the bigotry of the Know Nothings; of the hardness of New England mill owners and the humanitarianism of scores of social Utopias; of the belligerency of Henry Clay's War Hawks and the pacifism of the Quakers; of the stolid insistence on male supremacy and the ardent crusaders for the rights of women; of millennialism, spiritualism, and a hundred eccentric sects as well as of the conservative and accepted churches; of the studied pro-slavery indoctrination of the South and the anti-slavery revolts in the North; of the free, rough life of the frontier and the urbanized culture of the Atlantic seaboard.

If we are to understand ourselves, our essential steadfastness and our changing moods, our passion for freedom and our submission to corrupt machine rule, our underlying modesty and our bragging, our bitter political rows and our readiness to compromise short of bloodshed, and our other contradictory traits, we must survey our past with the aim of finding in it something more significant than the queerness of grandfather.

Queer, grandfather certainly was. But his queerness was simply one product of his vitality, his independence, his readiness to explore new paths in pursuit of cherished ideals. In the long run, experience disposed of the more obvious eccentricities, although they continued to boil up occasionally from what William Allen White called "the moronic underworld." The past left its scars, especially the heritage from slavery. But on the whole the vigorous life of the early years of the Republic down to the Civil War contributed national traits that have made the America of today an essentially decent, enlightened, freedom-loving, and civilized nation.

I know of no more competent and sympathetic study of these formative years than Alice Felt Tyler's "Freedom's Ferment."* Mrs. Tyler brought to her task a Midwestern background. She was born on an Illinois farm and was graduated from Knox College, itself a product of the great Western movement. She brought as well scholarly training, first as student and then as teacher, in the history department of the University of Minnesota, and an understanding heart. She was moved to produce the book because, she writes, "I was so exasperated by the silly twaddle being written about all the eccentricities of early America. I think this young republic has a right to be known for its ideals and aspirations as well as for its fads and follies."

Or, as she puts it in the book:

> Phrenology, hydropathy, mesmerism, health and diet notions, free love, spiritual affinities, and all the other eccentricities of the era have had more than their due share of the limelight. Alongside them were fundamentals of faith, crusades, reforms, and reformers whose effect on American civilization was profound and permanent. . . . The religious movements and the adventures in reform of the early years of the republic were the truly significant activities of the men and women of the age, and they contributed much to the way of life of twentieth-century America.

Adventures in reform were the natural expressions of a new society relatively free from the trammels of the past, set down in a virgin continent with unlimited opportunities for expansion, at the beginning of an age of invention. The newly established federal government, to be sure, was in the hands of a governing class in the old seats of culture. It could not remain so long. Pioneers who were founding new towns and states had to set up their own governments. With this experience they were bound in time to move in and take possession of Washington.

> God bless the squire and his relations
> And keep us all in our proper stations

might express the practice and belief of a stable social order emerging from

**FREEDOM'S FERMENT: Phases of American Social History to 1860. By Alice Felt Tyler. Minneapolis: The University of Minnesota Press. 1944. 608 pp. $5.*

Day Coach

By Raymond Holden

IN his unbuttoned uniform
A young man rode a railway coach.
I saw him blow upon a fife
And heard his friendly breath approach
The music hidden in his life
And fondle it and blow it warm.

Young Soldier, do you die for me?
Then look at what I offer you,
I who can bear the touch of slaves
Because they bring what I think due,
I whom your simple dying saves
To make another enemy.

Soldier, perhaps you die for one—
Another of your countrymen—
Who still believes it nature's rule
That strength is as the strength of ten
When there are simple men to fool,
As enemies have always done.

Young Soldier, can you be the youth
That dies for all men's venal sins
Knowing at heart that they are small,
That warfare ends and peace begins
Where every little thing is all
And reason pity paired with truth?

I saw a young man on a train
And he was going to his death.
He blew a careless little air
And smiled to hear his own warm breath
Piping as if it had no care
And, when it wished, might come again.

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THE

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is the story of a group of girls who meet at Smith College and of what happens to them in that fateful period between the Depression and Pearl Harbor... A story not only of the girls themselves, but of their lovers, husbands and friends . . . told with humor, irony and with great beauty. *389 pages, $2.50*

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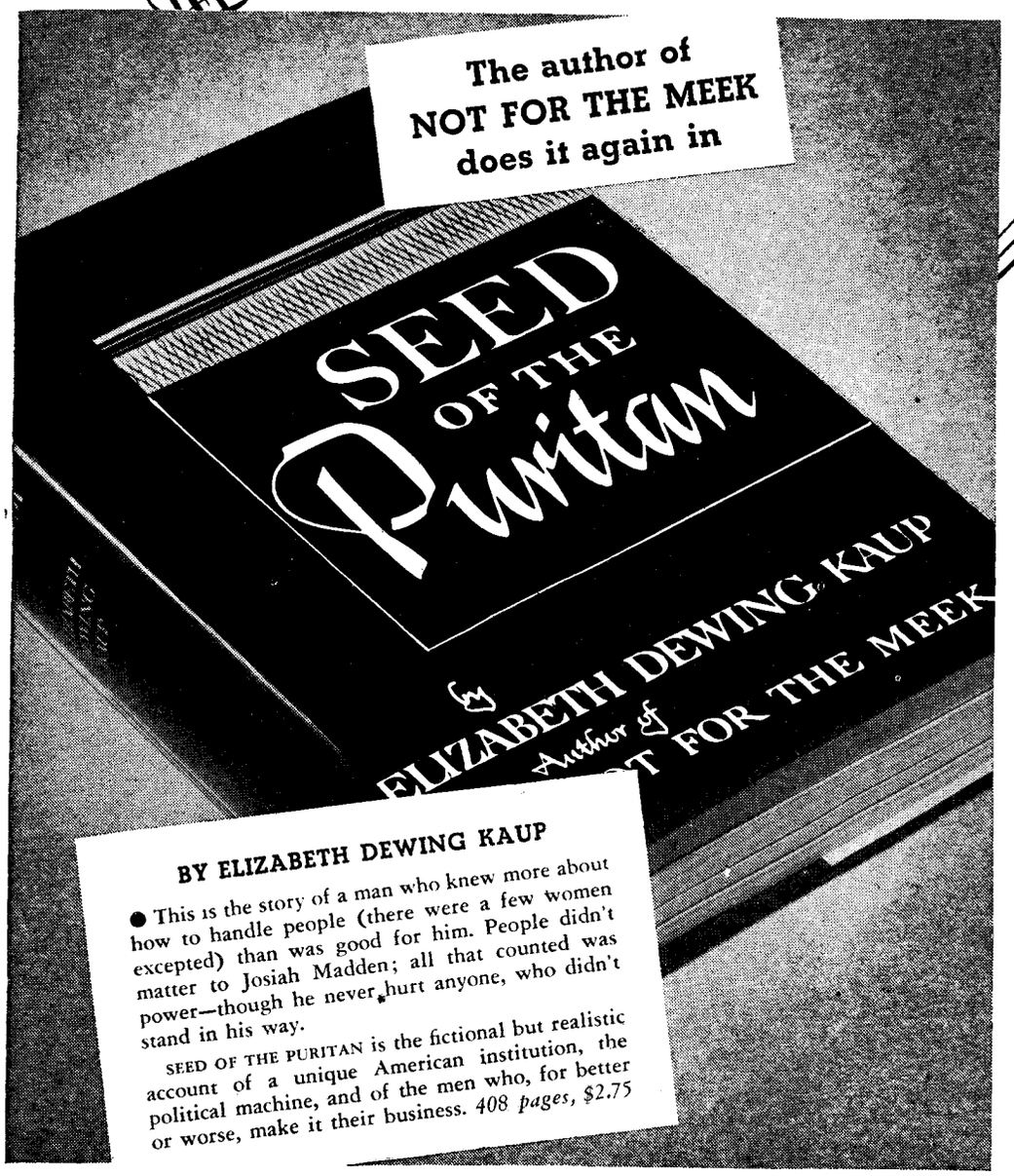

BY ELIZABETH DEWING KAUP

● This is the story of a man who knew more about how to handle people (there were a few women excepted) than was good for him. People didn't matter to Josiah Madden; all that counted was power—though he never hurt anyone, who didn't stand in his way.

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DIAL PRESS, NEW YORK

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feudalism in England. There was no firm basis for such sentiments in a new world.

Religion could not escape the general ferment. Protestant Christianity was on the march under direction of gifted revivalists. In the more thickly populated East the meetings were held in orderly fashion in the churches. In the West, camp meetings were in vogue and there was bolder and more dramatic preaching that often aroused hysterical manifestations among the sinners called to repentance. The "jerks" were a common manifestation of religious excitement. Peter Cartwright tells of one unrepentant sinner who swore he would "drink the damned jerks to death." He jerked with such force that he broke his neck and Cartwright comments, "I always looked upon the jerks as a judgment sent from God."

From the educated emerged the Transcendentalists who brought mystical and metaphysical thought to the cultured rationalism of the Unitarians. From the uneducated the same stirrings brought the millenarianism of William Miller, the spirit rappings of the Fox sisters, and the new religion of Mormonism founded by Joseph Smith.

Every shade of religious thinking found expression in the general ferment. In Boston in 1840 was held a convention of the Friends of Universal Reform—for reform was the magic watchword. "If the assembly was disorderly," Emerson wrote, "it was also picturesque. Madmen, madwomen, men with beards, Dunkers, Muggletonians, Come-outers, Groaners, Agrarians, Seventh-day Baptists, Quakers, Abolitionists, Calvinists, Unitarians, and Philosophers—all came successively to the top, and seized their moment, if not their hour, wherein to chide, or pray, or preach, or protest."

The make-up of this convention suggests one striking aspect of human nature. The ardent reformer of the early part of the century was apt to be hospitable to every sort of novelty that might be classified as a reform movement. If he was a crusader against Calvinism he might also be a devotee of Dr. Graham's particular variety of bread, spiritualism, and the theory of Fourier's phalanx. Occasionally he found no difficulty in reconciling adherence to some great forward movement like abolitionism with devotion to some reactionary cause like Know Nothingism.

For the economic utopias that littered the land European emigres were largely responsible. The New World was far more hospitable to their ideas than the Old. Robert Owen came from England to found his New Harmony, Frances Wright from Scotland to establish her Nashoba. Forty or fifty phalanxes were established on the French model of Charles Fourier. Etienne Cabet brought his Icaria first to Texas, then to Nauvoo, Ill.

Inspiring all these movements, sensible and crackpot, was religious zeal and a flaming faith in the future of America, the perfectibility of man, and the right of the individual to do his own thinking. It was an intoxicating atmosphere. Enthusiasts set out, some on foot, some in ox carts, some in covered wagons, some in chaises, to build a kingdom of God on earth.

Sometimes they were diverted into reactionary channels. Mrs. Tyler devotes one chapter to "Denials of Democratic Principles"—the anti-Masonic craze, attacks on Catholics, and the secret societies hostile to immigrants that flowered in the Know Nothing Party. Curiously these assaults on liberty were ostensibly and in some cases sincerely made in defense of the liberty which they sought to destroy.

Of far more importance than the eccentricities of the time, although much less spectacular, were the great humanitarian crusades born of the energy and the religious fervor of the new republic. Free public schools were extended over the land. Hundreds of colleges were established. Women were admitted to institutions of higher learning on an equality with men. Penal reform was on the agenda. Humane treatment for the insane was introduced. Education of deaf-mutes and the blind was undertaken. Temperance societies and peace societies made their contributions and the status of women became a live national issue.

Gradually all these reform tendencies were swallowed up by the issues growing out of slavery. The Missouri Compromise had come, as Jefferson wrote, like a fire bell in the night. For a few years the bell was stilled. Then it rang out again throughout the land. The rising humanitarian spirit of the age realized it was facing a supreme challenge.

In these restless years the South had become increasingly cut off from the main currents of progress in the North. The Southern plantation system provided a different social background from the diversified farming north of the Mason and Dixon line. The fundamental difficulty, of course, lay in the peculiar institution which the South uneasily realized was becoming an anachronism. Yet slavery had become such a vested interest that its beneficiaries could not bring themselves to give it up. Their problem was "so to direct Southern thought that the five-sixths of the Southern population unbenefited by the institution would accept the opinions of the one-sixth for whom slavery was profitable."

The methods adopted to indoctrinate the population with the views of the slave-holding oligarchy were strikingly like those used by Hitler a century later to indoctrinate the German people with Nazism. Free speech and free public discussion could not be tolerated. Academic freedom was restricted. School texts had to be carefully selected. The churches were enlisted in propagating the doctrine of the master race. The intelligentsia fell in line. In 1853 William Gilmore Simms, the South's most important novelist, wrote in the *Southern Quarterly*:

> We hold the African under moral and just titles, founded upon his characteristics, his nature, his necessities and our own, and our accountability is to the God of both races. We alone are in possession of the facts of the case, and our consciences are in no way troubled in relation to our rights to hold the Negro in bondage. . . . We shall never submit the case to the judgment of another people until they show themselves of superior virtue and intellect.

Thus two conflicting civilizations were built up within the framework of the Union. They were in conflict morally, intellectually, and economically. The controversy gradually invaded every phase of life in both sections. Both sides were aggressive. The South insisted on the fugitive slave act. The North responded by an appeal to the higher law which nullified the Congressional enactment. The abolitionists became increasingly bitter in denunciation. The South retorted that they were ignoring glaring evils at home in order to crusade against evils far away that they grossly exaggerated. Southern bitterness was exacerbated by the realization that the South was defending an institution that was condemned by the rest of the civilized world. Emotional reactions ruled out reasonable compromise and the sectional differences finally were resolved by war.

When its aftermath was cleared away, the long process of unification set in and the nation emerged with new problems resulting from the rapidly developing industrial age. But behind it was the long tradition of a democratic community of free men bound together by a common faith in the ideals that infused the early decades of the new republic and that found expression in the cults, utopias, and reforming crusades that were such a conspicuous part of the early American scene.

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HARPER & BROTHERS

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The Legacy of World War I

UNFINISHED BUSINESS. By Stephen Bonsal. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1944. 313 pp. $3.

Reviewed by EDGAR G. SISSON

STEPHEN Bonsal, famous war correspondent for James Gordon Bennett's *New York Herald,* comrade and rival of Richard Harding Davis, accepted a lieutenant-colonel's commission in the First World War and became the liaison officer and language interpreter both for President Wilson and Colonel Edward M. House at the Versailles Conference. He had their confidence, and wrote the notes to which each could refer from day to day instead of depending upon memory. Long ago he had their permission to publish the secret diary. He chose to wait twenty-five years. Now he has combined the diary and subsequent commentary into a book of valuable source history.

He has not tried to offer satisfying finality. His choice of title, "Unfinished Business," emphasizes that the business of the First World War was left so unfinished that we are obliged to be waging the Second World War now.

What new light, after these many years, does he throw upon the troubled Conference scene, and what mystery does he dispel from the unavailing struggle to secure the United States Senate's ratification of the Peace Treaty? He throws much light and lifts some, at least, of the mystery. He shows that the Armistice itself was made on Wilson's terms only after an American ultimatum, and that, in Colonel House's belief, only Wilson's influence, after he arrived in Paris, got the Peace Conference into action.

He shows that while House, in his "Intimate Papers," told of two unanswered letters sent to the President in November, 1919, when the latter was "blacked out" by illness and the Senate was wrangling over the Peace Treaty, the Colonel did not mention the third unanswered letter, with attached memorandum in which Bonsal related talks with Senator Lodge from which he gained the impression that if the President would see Lodge, or send personal word, the Senator would modify his opposition to the Treaty.

Throughout the diary towers the personality of Woodrow Wilson, stern and unyielding on principles, friendly in daily intercourse, persuasive in argument, more adroit and politic in bringing his fellow negotiators to his way of thinking than in dealing with his own Senate, intellectually dominant until he was bodily broken, himself a casualty of the war. And alongside of Wilson walks the poker-faced Texan, Colonel House, quiet and patient, speaking little, doing much.

Ten days before the Armistice was made, Colonel House bore the brunt of an attack from Lloyd George, Clemenceau, Balfour, and Sonnino that, unquelled, would have prevented the holding of any Peace Conference. The quarrel has been the subject of rumor, spoken and written, but Bonsal has put the crucial affair into assured history for the first time. Britain, France, and Italy all were unwilling to make Wilson's Fourteen Points the basis of an armistice with Germany. Yet that was the offer that Wilson had made and one that Germany was willing to accept. House had come to Paris with the express instructions, and the authority, to take part in the making of an armistice on those terms. The quarrel began on October 29, 1918. Bonsal was with House and an Italian interpreter was present, and perhaps other aides. Under date of November 7, 1918, stating that he had not had time earlier, Bonsal wrote:

> The great men came together at the Quai d'Orsay. It was evident that the plenipotentiaries, Clemenceau, Lloyd George, Balfour, and Sonnino, were one and all disinclined to accept the Wilson program as a whole. Lloyd George opened the ball by asking House a very pointed question:
>
> "If we agree to this armistice, do you think we are accepting Wilson's terms—all of them?"
>
> "I certainly do," answered House.
>
> Then the Fourteen-Points were read and reread. Now Lloyd George would read one with a wry face, and then Clemenceau would take a hand in the discussion. House finally intervened, making, as he afterwards admitted, the longest speech of his life. He said:
>
> "If the Allies are unwilling to accept the Fourteen-Points upon which Germany has based her request for an armistice, there can be, as far as I can see, only one course for the President to pursue. He would have to tell the Germans that the conditions which they accepted were not acceptable to the powers with which America has been associated."
>
> The words "has based" and "has been" fell upon the little group like a cold douche. And then House continued:
>
> "America would then have to take up direct negotiations with Germany and Austria."
>
> Lloyd George sprang to his feet, his eyes ablaze.
>
> "Would that mean a separate peace between America and the Central Powers?"
>
> "It might well," said House.
>
> Now that the rift—indeed the yawning chasm—became apparent, everybody tried to back away from it. Lloyd George suggested that the meeting adjourn. An hour later House sent to Washington a full account of the delicate situation and in an almost incredibly short time received the following cable instructions from Mr. Wilson:
>
> "I feel it my solemn duty to authorize you to say that I cannot consent to negotiations that do not include Freedom of the Seas and the League of Nations. I hope I shall not be compelled to make this, our final decision, public."

"Teaching Him What to Say." From the cartoon by Rollin Kirby in *The New York World*, February 1, 1920.

With that weapon, House the next day won victory, and Bonsal was able to enter in his diary the Colonel's Comment:

> The Allied governments, reluctantly I admit, but also undeniably, have committed themselves to the American Peace Program. This is indeed a turning point in history, and a triumph for our great President.

The next problem was that of the Conference itself, and of Wilson's presence there. House argued at first against the coming of the President, believing that influence could be better exerted from a distance. Later he admitted that he had been mistaken and that the President's accomplishments at Paris were due to his day-to-day closeness to the other national leaders. Bonsal, early in his diary, set down House's attitude, and in a postcript in 1929 related the Colonel's explanation of his changed opinion.

> Your statement of my feelings and my attitude are correct [said the Colonel]. I did not want the President to come to Paris and I told him so. I wanted him to stay "behind the curtain" in Washington. But in December and in January, as I came in contact with the discordant delegates as they assembled, I reached the conclusion that without Wilson's prestige the negotiations would never have started. In March, however, the President should never have returned from Washington.

Bonsal has dealt only with the Commission from which the Covenant of the League of Nations emerged. But here was the place of Wilson's chief la-

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bors, the League his greatest concern. In toil and debate, clause by clause, almost sentence by sentence, the first draft of the Covenant was finished in time for Wilson to take it home with him in middle February.

Translating the wearying speeches of the French delegates and of others who used the French language, Bonsal yet found time to admire Wilson's tact in soothing disputes, and his resourcefulness in moving his program steadily ahead. He said as much to House the evening Wilson left Paris. House was delighted and burst out:

> "How glad I am to hear you say that and how true it is. If the President could bring himself to behave with the Senators as he has with the mixed and motley crew of world delegates here, if he could bring himself to unbend and be friendly with them, if but for a day, his troubles and ours would be over."

But the President could not bring himself to act that way in Washington. When he returned to Paris in March he knew that if the Peace Treaty was to have a fighting chance in the Senate, he would have to get the Allies to include in the Covenant a clause reiterating the Monroe Doctrine of the United States, and another permitting a nation to withdraw from the League on two years' notice. He was willing to have the Monroe Doctrine clarification, but feared the withdrawal clause. He came back to Paris with lowered European prestige, now that it was evident that he did not have a united nation behind him. Yet he still had his way in the main, securing the changes he sought, guiding the Covenant into the final form in which the Conference in Plenary Session approved it on April 28, 1919. Bonsal thought that matters, after all, had gone well.

The rest of the battle was for Senate ratification. Wilson returned to the United States. House stayed in Europe. A mystery in the relations between the two men is supposed to have been born immediately after the President came from the United States the previous March. Credited later to a member of his household, Wilson is supposed to have expressed a feeling of betrayal, blaming House for not continuing his policies forcefully in the interval. Neither the "Intimate Papers" of House nor now the writings of Bonsal bear out this tale in the least. The story first was made public in January, 1938. Bonsal, in a letter, also public, countered it on January 28, 1938, pointing out that when the President was ill, soon after his rearrival in France, he asked House to take his place on the Council of Four, that in April he intrusted him with difficult negotiations with the French

An unsolicited letter

from

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

Nieuw Veere
Old Greenwich, Conn. Jan. 21, 1944

Doubleday, Doran & Co. Inc.
Garden City, New York

Re: Robert Bright.
THE LIFE AND DEATH OF LITTLE JO.

Once in a while a little book comes to me without fanfares or a single word of introduction, asking me to take due notice of a new product of universal genius and the arrival of another Tolstoy. That is the way Robert Bright's LITTLE JO arrived, and because he was an unpretentious small boy and there was a fiddle in the story, I picked it up and read it and found it charming and appealing in the best sense of the word, and as delightful as it was unexpected. I most cordially recommend LITTLE JO to my fellow-men who want a few minutes respite from the hideous actualities of our everyday life without finding oblivion in literary products of which they are slightly ashamed. A civilized bit of writing and a glimpse of a very important aspect of American life which we rarely get presented in a way that makes sense. It is so small and unpretentious a book that it may easily be overlooked. Hence this voice barking in the wilderness of our indifference and hurry.

(Sig.) Hendrik Willem van Loon

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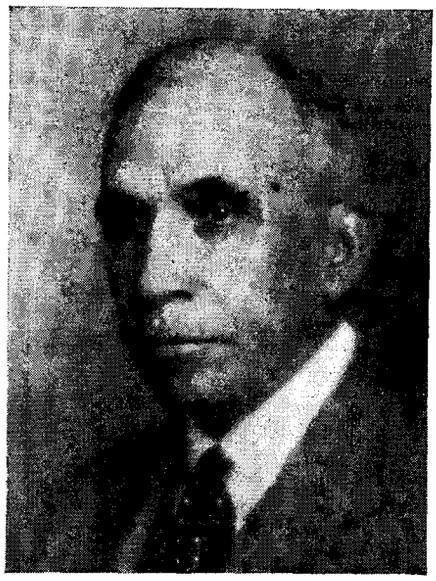

Stephen Bonsal

and English, that on his final departure for the United States, he asked House to represent him in the discussions as to the best way to set up the League of Nations, sent him to London to work out the system of Colonial mandates, and wrote him a letter of grateful acknowledgement, besides many notes signed "Affectionately yours." House in his "Intimate Papers" included a relevant letter to Wilson and the latter cabled reply: "London, August 26, 1919. Our annual falling out seems to have occurred. Foreign Office received a cable the other day that we were no longer on good terms and asking that Prime Minister and Balfour be informed. Press reports told me they had the same news. Affectionately E. M. House." Wilson cabled back, August 29: "Am deeply distressed by malicious story about breaks between us and thank you for the whole message about it. The best way is to treat it with silent contempt." This may not have been the best way of treatment, but it disposes of an alleged mystery.

The true mystery is that of the breaking of communication between House and the President in November, 1919. Ten years later House and Bonsal talked over the sad circumstance, of which the third unanswered letter to the President is a part.

> I sent your letter and the memorandum to the President, giving it my warmest support [the Colonel explained]. That letter was never acknowledged. And now I will tell you why I omitted the incident entirely when I published my "Intimate Papers." I didn't know at the time and I do not know now that the President ever saw the letter or that the memorandum inclosed, so tragically important in my judgment, ever came to his notice, or, if it did, that he was in a condition physically and mentally to appreciate it. Now if I had included that memorandum which, you might say, apparently indicated that Lodge, at least privately, was making concessions from his public stand, the criticism of the President's unbending attitude would have increased in violence. I could not bring myself to be responsible for that. And I had another thought: Was this really the President's affair? It seemed to me he was in the position of a soldier who falls desperately wounded in leading an attack.

The leader had been stricken, his battle lost. Bonsal wondered, as he closed his book, whether his records of bitter dissension will be of help to those who will have the responsibility when the next attempt is made to save the world from "the plight it flounders in today." They should be.

Edgar Grant Sisson, editor and author, in the last war organized the publication and distribution of President Wilson's speeches. As Associate Chairman of the Committee on Public Information, he organized the committee's service at the Paris Peace Conference.

The Bird

By Starr Nelson

ONE day when the leaves falling clotted the Nubanusit
So that it flowed in slow amber blood from the dark heart
Of the mountain, Summer, the ivory cage half racked apart
By the lark's anguish, ran into the woods to lose it.
To lose the hurt—but not to loose the bird! Her hands
Nested against her ribs the struggling source
Of pain and song. The song grew sweeter, yes, and the pain worse,
With the slow straining of the golden sands.

The bird would go. She would not let it go.
And when the Austral fingers ten thousand miles long
Tore from their shuddering prison wings and song,
She wept. Oh, Autumn wept, when on her breast one found
Only a scarlet leaf. There was no wound.
All through the forest silence fell like snow.

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The Negro in American Life

THE RACE QUESTION AND THE NEGRO. A study of the Catholic Doctrine on Interratian Justice. By John LaFarge. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1943. 315 *pp.* $2.50.

BROWN AMERICANS. The Story of a Tenth of the Nation. By Edwin R. Embree. New York: The Viking Press. 1943. 248 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

FATHER LaFarge's new and elaborate edition of his study of the Negro problem is of special importance because of its being written from the Catholic point of view. It is additional evidence of the very lively interest now being taken by American Catholics in the Negro, another example of which is the earnest appeal made for justice for the colored people in the recent utterance of the Catholic hierarchy expressing their anxiety as to what may be behind the Moscow accord. It would be idle to assert that all this concern as to the Negro is unselfish; any church so ardent in proselytizing as the Roman could not but be conscious of the opportunity for conversions offered by more than thirteen million Americans who are deeply and emotionally religious and might naturally be appealed to by the music and the pageants of the Catholic services. But the Catholics, by reason of their enormous church membership, and their relative obedience to their clergy, are in a position to make most solid contributions to the solution of our greatest domestic problem. Hence any expression of opinion from so distinguished a Catholic priest and editor as Father LaFarge compels the most careful attention.

His basic tenet in this new volume is that "the Catholic Church does not admit that any moral problem is beyond solution." "The more difficulties that such a problem presents," he adds, "the more eager the Church is to apply to it every resource that her wisdom and experience command." He discusses race relations and race itself first, then takes up at length the problem of human rights, coupled with the Christian teaching on human unity and goes on to set forth the pending issues before stating his solutions. He grapples boldly with segregation, race prejudice, and social equality, and intermarriage, and this reviewer has nowhere found a calmer or saner or more just statement of what the Negro aims at when he seeks social equality. As Father LaFarge points out, the Negro wants under the term of social equality the equal applications of the principles of social justice; he wants "the participation of the Negro group in such ordinary civilities of human intercourse as are essential for the conduct of affairs in our modern civilization." In other words, the Negro desires only that he shall not be set apart and stigmatized; that when meeting with persons of different races for "necessary business such as in church, at conventions, committee meetings, educational gatherings, etc., etc., the same ordinary courtesies shall be extended to members of every group, regardless of race. . . ."

Father LaFarge recognizes that the Negro group, no more than any other, seeks an indiscriminate and intimate mixing of persons on a different cultural plane where differences are due to other than race factors alone, and that where individuals demand a disregard of the natural restraints affecting all different groups and different persons "such an attitude is the consequence of a doctrinaire ideology, such as Communism," and not a reflection of the position of the whole group. Nor has Father LaFarge discovered anywhere any Negro effort to disregard "the natural liberty each man has to form his own intimate and private associates in home, club, recreation, etc." The Negroes merely

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ask that society shall not lay down special rules for them on such purely individual matters which it would not lay down for the government of other groups. He concludes that "experience shows that the more the Negro is treated as a normal human being, the more normal—between the two patterns of timidity and aggressiveness—is his behavior. In this he in nowise belies the rest of human experience."

As to intermarriage, Father LaFarge brings out that "the Catholic Church does not impose any impediment, diriment impediment, upon racial intermarriages in spite of the Church's great care to preserve in its utmost purity the integrity of the marriage bond." Of course when such intermarriage is forbidden by law the Church abides by the law, but he stresses the fact that no scientific proof is available as to the deleterious effect from a purely biological standpoint of union between different races, not even in the offspring of Negro and white. He correctly points out that, if the essential evil of intermarriage lies in the biological field, regardless of merely cultural differences, then this harm accrues as readily from illicit as from legalized intercourse. Actually the forbidding of intermarriage makes for illicit intercourse and means the degradation of the human being. That was one of the worst features of slavery in America, that the female slave had no protection under the law either from her master or any other white person, nor could she compel the parent of her child to recognize it and support it.

Of course, Father LaFarge recognizes the grave reasons against any general intermarriage, such as the fact that a racial mixture produces a serious tension in family relations. The writer of this review believes that few such marriages are really ever happy, and it is gratifying to have Father LaFarge, with his wide knowledge of Negro people, state that he has been unable to discover that education and refinement of manners bring to Negro youth any marked increase of interest in the youth of other races, and to have him emphatically answer in the negative the question whether friendly association between Negroes and whites develops any noticeable tendency to intermarriage. The truth is that social conditions control such unions and that no State has the right to say to any people that they shall not marry if being mature and intelligent they desire to do so.

As for the separation of the races, Father LaFarge points out the grave inconsistency of the Catholic Church in demanding of every Catholic parent that he send his children to a Catholic school from kindergarten to the university, and yet often excluding the Catholic Negro from its institutions even where the color line is not drawn elsewhere in the particular community. There is no more valuable chapter in his book than that entitled "Foibles and Fallacies" in which he answers completely and finally twenty-two of the usual questions raised in any discussion of the race problem. It would be a great service to the country if this chapter could be circulated as a pamphlet by the million, especially in those communities where there is today danger of racial outbreaks. Finally, Father LaFarge stresses that Catholic interracial action is the effecting of interracial justice in the widest sense of the word, that it combats race prejudice at every point, and seeks the establishment of social justice—subject to such exceptions he would be ready, doubtless, to admit as such fomenters of discord and blasphemers of teachings of Christianity as Father Coughlin. All in all this book has great and permanent value, for many reasons besides its frankness and courage and the information it contains.

Mr. Embree has put into his small volume many facts and figures as to the rise of the Negro and his present situation. Since he has attempted to cover so much ground in so small a space it is not surprising that one gets a feeling of superficiality at points. Thus, he gives a chapter to the story of his great-grandfather, John G. Fee, one of the founders of Oberlin College and a noble Abolitionist, but does not refer to any of the other Abolitionist leaders, such as Weld, Garrison, Phillips, etc. His chapter on "Sporadic Education During Slavery" could easily have been elaborated. Nonetheless this is a volume which would be of special service to organizations making a study of the race problem because of the admirable spirit in which it is written and the concrete data within its covers. Mr. Embree is not only entitled to discuss the question by reasons of inheritance, but because he has himself given a large portion of his life to active service in the Negro cause, for fifteen years as president of the Julius Rosenwald Fund, and before that as secretary and a vice-president of the Rockefeller Foundation. On behalf of the latter and its department of human biology, he has traveled not only over the whole of the United States and Canada, but in China, Japan, the Pacific islands, South America, and Europe. He has not only been a leader in the fight for justice, but he writes with appreciation, with understanding, and with very considerable humor. It is a most useful handbook of the race problem which Mr. Embree has here re-issued.

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Life Among the Gentry

GROWING UP. By Angela Thirkell. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1943. 340 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ELIZABETH DREW

IT is difficult to believe that a novel by Angela Thirkell could be a difficult book to finish, but, alas, it is true. That spontaneous good fun, that zest for the sly ridiculous, that deft touch with the daft, seems to have deserted her in "Growing Up." The imbecilities remain just imbecile, the fatuities are just fatuous, and the delightfully irrational becomes the merely silly.

The recipe is the same: the familiar Barsetshire setting; the group of "county" and well-born families; the marriage and love affairs of the young men (now all in uniforms) and of the young women (now nursing or having babies or breakdowns); the inevitable comic Nannie (with the addition here of a comic Matron of a convalescent home for soldiers); and the strange antics of the "lower orders" as seen from above. But the effervescence has somehow gone out of the mixture. There is a delightful moment when a shy young chaplain, invalided out of the army, is being presented with a "living" by its owner:

> "Oh, and one thing, Needham," said Sir Harry nervously.
>
> Mr. Needham knew the worst had come. Sir Harry probably held views about the Trinity to which Mr. Needham, as a loyal son of the Church, could not subscribe. Farewell Vicarage, study, conservatory, wife: welcome a curacy in an industrial town, phthisis, and early death.
>
> "You saw that monkey-puzzle down in the far corner of the churchyard," said Sir Harry nervously. "My wife can't bear it, but old Horniman wouldn't hear of it being moved. He said it reminded him of the barren fig-tree. If you wouldn't particularly object to its coming down. . . ?"

There is another good scene of the Nannie and the Matron measuring swords at a tea-party, and the names of the villages of Winter Overcotes and Winter Underclose are happy inspirations. But there are all too few of these oases.

And it is not only the absence of laughs but the presence of an implicit snobbery which disconcerts the reader. The main house at the priory has been turned into the convalescent home, and the family are living in the "servants' wing," into which, however, central heating and bathrooms have been introduced. There they are waited on by a cook and two other maids. When Lady Waring is tired in the morning she would like to stay in bed, but remembers her public duties: "so she rang for Selina and said she would wear her blue tweeds": dinner is still at 8:15, "but we don't change for dinner on Sundays now," she explains to her guests: and we are told of one of these: "Lydia, although friendly and adventurous in casual relationships, had never before been for a walk with a stationmaster, and had an uneasy feeling that everyone would stare." Throughout the book there is the uncomfortable suggestion that all the brains and intelligence in England are lodged in "the gentry" and that the rest of the population is mostly good-hearted but mentally defective. It makes one hope that although there is not really very much to give anyone a good laugh in this novel, people will at least not take it very seriously.

Rhapsody at Four Ack Emma

By Vincent Starrett

MYSTERIOUS as the mystery of night
Itself, is that small yellow square of light,
Burning high up in this tall block of flats:
O Helen Livingston or Sophie Katz,
What is this shining ensign that you fly
Midway between the sidewalk and the sky—
Why in a world of sleep, for goodness' sake,
At this unhallowed hour are you awake?

Could one but read the meaning of your spark,
Warm on the vast immensity of dark,
There might be stories in the morning's news
About a man named Feigenbaum or Hughes.
Ah, Helen, Sophie, possibly Bernice,
Think of your job, your husband, the police—
Darling, with pretty pout and climate sultry,
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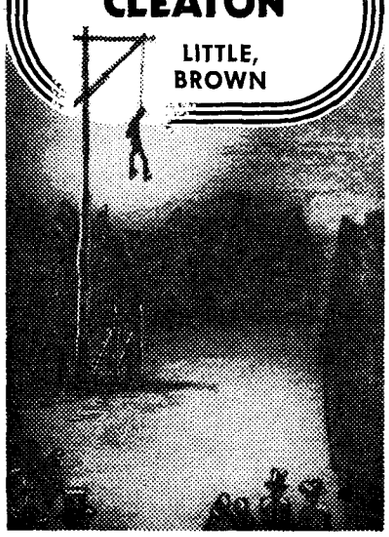
THE Outsider

By IRENE CLEATON

LITTLE, BROWN



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Pioneer in Science

BELOVED SCIENTIST: Elihu Thomson. A Guiding Spirit of the Electrical Age. By David O. Woodbury. New York: Whittlesey House. 1944. 358 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

WOODBURY'S designation of Elihu Thomson as "a guiding spirit of the electric age" is apt. When he died Thomson had to his credit more than seven hundred patents, most of them granted for electrical inventions. Though an Englishman by birth he came here as a child, received his entire education here, and was as American as corn on the cob. Unlike Edison he was as much a scientist as an inventor, yet as an inventor just as practical. Like Edison he not only invented important apparatus of this electrical age but helped to introduce it. He devised one of the best of the early arc-light systems. He invented the first "three-phase" dynamo, a type now in everyday use. He was the first to transform electric energy in the modern way. He discovered the principle of electric resistance welding. He had the first practical electric meter for measuring watts. His lightning arresters and alternating current motors were among the first of their types. He demonstrated the existence of wireless waves years before anyone else. There was hardly a subject that he touched which he did not enrich. His interests ranged from astronomy and biology to physics and chemistry.

Like Edison, Thomson had to teach himself science. When he was born in 1853 electrical engineering was still in an elementary stage. Most of the machinery with which we are now familiar had to be invented, and Thomson was one of those who invented it. His life-story, as Woodbury tells it, is in the best Samuel Smiles tradition, a story of self-help in experimental science that led to success, fame, and honors. While other boys were shooting marbles Thomson was building a frictional electric machine. He taught himself nearly everything from grinding lenses for telescopes, to photography.

Though we have in Woodbury's book an authoritative biography in the nature of eulogy and a good portrait of a scientist, inventor, and engineer, the portrait is too carefully retouched. The background is not so much social as that of the companies with which Thomson was identified, so that we have not only a biography but a history of the great electrical enterprises of our time.

THE NEW WRITERS

(*Continued from page* 18)

dren and their parents, that will enable her to write movingly about them for a long time. The "theme" novels, especially when they are concentrated on sex, as are "Equinox" and "Trio," seem too brittle, too limited to enable a writer to continue for long, unless their subject is sublimated in something deeper.

But on the whole, however diverse, however excellent in performance and promise, these novelists seem to be marking time, their attention fixed now on a world that is still familiar to all of us, the cities, the farms, the villages, that are only beginning to be touched by the holocaust of war that is covering the world and whose extent in time is not as yet in sight. They are not satirists, finding bitter humor in the maladjustments and the unhappiness they have seen around them. They are not imitators or copyists of ideas or of anyone's style. All of them stand squarely on their own feet. It has been a healthy period in our literature, if not a vastly important one. For works of greater brilliance and power we must wait until some of the young men who may give us a literature with more direction and sweep are released from the Army.

H. S.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Spenser: "The Faery Queene."
2. Whittier: "The Barefoot Boy."
3. Markham: "The Man With the Hoe."
4. Marlowe: "The Passionate Shepherd to His Love."
5. Pope: "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day."
6. Wordsworth: "Sonnet Composed Upon Westminster Bridge."
7. Emerson: "Goodbye."
8. Milton: "Il Penseroso."
9. Sheridan: "Let the Toast Pass."
10. Lamb: "The Old Familiar Faces."
11. Shelley: "Ozymandias."
12. Poe: "Annabel Lee."
13. Browning: "The Patriot."
14. Hunt: "Jenny Kiss'd Me."
15. Keats: "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer."
16. Goldsmith: "The Deserted Village."
17. Tennyson: "Tears, Idle Tears."
18. Lovelace: "To Lucasta, Going to the Wars."
19. Byron: "The Destruction of Sennacherib."
20. Suckling: "Why So Pale and Wan"?

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(*Continued from page* 19)

portant little controversy beyond the reach of answerability.

I have no right to say that I understand the "tremendous issues" of this terrible necessity of multisided sacrifice. Against my immediate background I could not if I would feel other than "here as on a darkling plain." The diversity of contradictions is overwhelmingly irritating—and absorbing. But I can say with some certainty that when Americans write as John Mason Brown wrote in "To the Inheritors of a World without Hitler," as Herbert Agar wrote in "A Time for Greatness," and as poet Benét writes in "The War Dead," I understand something my words cannot cover.

SGT. HENRY F. WINSLOW,
San Marcos, Texas

Shall We Suppress the German Language?

SIR: A young painter working in my house offered this original idea of how to deal with post-war Germany: Suppress the German language; let it be no more written or spoken; make it as dead as Sanskrit.

This young man feels that so long as Germany retains her guttural pompous language, just so long will she retain her illusion of personal superiority and right of world-domination. He thinks it will be far easier to teach freedom, liberty, equality, and humanity to the German people if we use another tongue.

Moreover, the deprivation of their mother-tongue and the necessity to learn and use a new one will take the average German's attention from the greater humiliations of being policed, re-educated, and disciplined to ways of decency and peace. It is a penance without physical pain. And it has a retributive factor which might impress a lesson on the Germans who recall what they did to the French of Alsace and Lorraine.

I asked the young man with what language the Germans should replace their own. He answered: "The Russians might not like it if they learn English; the English and Americans might not like it if they learn Russian. I think the logical choice is French. France is their neighbor and one of their worst-used victims. French is a beautiful living language with a great literature. And the people of France would get such a big kick out of watching the Nazis learn French that they might laugh away some of their own unhappiness."

Though I doubt the French would want Germany to adopt their language, I consider this suggestion interesting.

SOPHIE KERR.
New York City.

The Incurable Controversy

SIR: After reading Dr. Brickner's article in your issue of Jan. 29 it is difficult not to believe that psychiatrists (or at least some of them) are mentally sick, and that they attempt to conceal this by projected diagnosis. Quiller-Couch would want to lift paragraphs from "Some Observations" for his famous "Interlude on Jargon."

What, for instance, is one to make of this?—"A cultural paranoid trend is probably both infectious and quarantinable in parallel and, from the doctor's point of view we have just as little choice concerning whether or not to tackle it." Quarantining a "trend" would be comparable with catching "the wave of the future."

WORLD WAR VETERAN.

"The Human Situation"

SIR: I want to join with William H. Stanley of Buffalo, in thanking you for the editorial by MacNeile Dixon in the Nov. 20 number of *SRL*. I, too, got an early copy of the Gifford Lectures entitled "The Human Situation" and have read it again and again. Anthony Eden's praise of it was reassuring, for I had begun to feel like the lone "watcher of the skies." I gave away numerous copies but had only one response commensurate with my own enthusiasm and that was from a highly cultivated Viennese lady who came to this country many years ago.

Dixon's seeing of life whole and clothing that seeing with rarely beautiful language studded with gems of appropriate quotation, makes the book a marvel of achievement. Not that the author's opinions and my own always coincide (*i.e.*, I am a convinced pacifist and he is not; I call myself a mystic and he is not) but so much the more stimulating I find his thought. As my own life is "drawing in," the last chapter "The Verdict" crowns the whole for me with hope and faith.

I want to thank you for the *SRL*. I have taken it from the first number and should be lost without it.

AGNES L. TIERNEY.
Germantown, Pa.

"Forgotten Dentures"

SIR: Rodrigues Ottolengui is not quite so forgotten by aficionados of crime literature as Richardson Wright indicates in his "Forgotten Dentures" (*SRL*, Jan. 1).

Ottolengui's "Final Proof" is duly listed on p. 83 of Ellery Queen's "The Detective Short Story: a Bibliography" (with the first edition noted as 1893, instead of Mr. Wright's 1891), and the excellent if slightly dated "A Frosty Morning" was reprinted in Ellery Queen's *Mystery Magazine* for January, 1943, to tantalize the connoisseur with thoughts of what might have developed if Dr. Ottolengui had not given the tooth preference over the sleuth.

ANTHONY BOUCHER.
Berkeley, California.

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The Phoenix Nest

OF late, Reynolds Packard, a United Press war correspondent, sent a despatch from south of Rome which began, "The farmers plow carefully near Cisterna, to avoid the bodies of German and American dead who lie scattered in their fields." Cisterna, twenty-five miles southeast of Rome, is where the Appian Way intersects the Naples-Formia Railroad. William L. Doudna, News Editor of the *Wisconsin State Journal,* read this dispatch, and was inspired by it to print in his paper, on February 4, the following:

But once more, they are plowing.
The farmers plow carefully, and quietly, for in their paths lie the dead.
The German dead, the American dead.
The dead who once were fighting for the land that is being plowed near Cisterna.

The farmers plow carefully near Cisterna.
The farmers again have hitched their horses. They plow their furrows. But the furrows are not straight. The furrows go around the dead.
But the farmers are plowing. Once more there will be crops. Life instead of death will sprout near Cisterna.

"The farmers plow carefully near Cisterna."

Andrew Hewitt sends me from *U.S.S. Henrico,*

SAILOR TO GULL

Bird, forever out-of-hand,
Is the sea at war with land—
On your wave-lengths any news
Our confusion to confuse?

Paul S. Grant of the University Club of Milwaukee, has been spurred by a recent article in the *SRL* to send me various limericks. They are amusing, but perhaps too ribald to appear in this column. He remarks, truly, that the recent research by Mr. Rider was incomplete when he delicately left out the original version, of the Old Monk of Siberia—"which is incomparably the best."

As for the late Mrs. Bernard Shaw, the newspapers did their best to stir up the American Irish on the question. I don't find it very exciting. The more ignorant of any nationality can always be aroused by a criticism of their manners. For the matter of that, the manners of some Americans are atrocious. The Irish are always supposed, however, to leap into the air, crack their heels together, spit on their hands, and lay about them with a shillelah at the slightest hint of criticism. This is an ancient and honorable jest. It always gets a laugh. But I am more interested in the fact that some of our most sensitively beautiful writers of poetry and prose are Irish, both in England and in this country. In fact, only very rarely does an Irishman, who takes to writing, write badly. They possess a natural gift for phrase. It has often been remarked that the inimitable Irish way of putting things, with original figurative language, seems a natal gift of the most humble.

Here is a job for my readers! E. W. Wilkinson of 2400 Grandview Avenue, Cincinnati 6, Ohio, would like someone to tell him the rest of the following verses of which he can only remember these two—and who wrote them?

"Where is Brother Jerome, Jerome?"
The burley Abbott said.
"He wasn't at Vespers, Vespers;
He couldn't have gone to bed."

* * * * *

He had emptied his tankard, tankard,
And against the wall had sunk.
The truth was burschen, burschen,
That Brother Jerome was drunk.

I thank Henry Dierkes for a letter, and for his magazine, *Living Poetry,* a Quarterly published at 153 Garden Street, La Porte, Indiana, which is entirely hand-set by its two editors, and the whole issues printed on a 6 x 9 side-lever press and bound at the electric range in the kitchen. Most of this work is done after dark, as Mr. Dierkes's days are devoted to office work connected with loading shells, mines, and bombs at an ordnance plant. This editor and publisher is the author of "The Man from Vermont."

I thank D. M. McKeithan of the Department of English at the University of Texas for a very kind letter. It is the type of letter that any columnist appreciates. Dr. Anna W. Perkins of Westerlo, N. Y., is sending me some Papal Encyclicals! I have enjoyed her letters. She says that the Jesuits didn't really say that "the end justified the means." Probably not; but "Jesuitical casuistry" is an ancient phrase. The secondary meaning of "Jesuitic" in Webster's Unabridged Dictionary is "[*not cap*] Designing; crafty; as, a *jesuitical* trick." But here are the two secondary meanings of "Jesuit," the primary being, of course, "A member of the clerks regular of the *Company* (or *Society*) of Jesus, a religious order founded by Ignatius Loyola in 1534." The secondary meanings are—I quote verbatim:

> 2. One likened to a Jesuit; specif.: *a* One who resists the authority of the sovereign in religious matters; hence, a sectary. *b* A casuist; hence a crafty person; an intriguer.

"Casuistry" is defined as "Science or doctrine of dealing with cases of conscience, of resolving cases of right or wrong in conduct, or of determining the lawfulness or unlawfulness of what a man may do, by rules and principles drawn from the Scriptures, from laws of society or the church, or from equity and natural reason; application of general moral rules to particular cases. 2. Sophistical, equivocal, or specious reasoning, or false application of principles, esp. in regard to law or morals."

There may be several points in the above that will surprise some people! My application of "Jesuitical casuistry" was to certain observed conduct on the part of the Communist Party in America. A line of conduct that certain members of the Communist Party in America have in the past adopted was certainly that "the end justified the means," used in a campaign. I do not believe in casuistry, according to the secondary definition given above, no matter *where* it is found. All political action, wherever found, tends to become corrupt. As a matter of fact, though organization is necessary, organization tends to become corrupt. High principles have been espoused both by the Catholic Church and the Communist Party. It is organization in action that is sometimes the appalling thing! Dr. Perkins, with great sincerity, writes me:

> This question seems to me crucial because Christianity and the Liberal Tradition are the only potent forces for good-will active in the world today. Certainly the Encyclicals are the authentic expressions of contemporary Christianity (possible arguments there, but probably not cogent ones from the point of view of the general Liberal Tradition) and their characteristic emphasis is on the same problems that concern liberals, and their solution along the same lines, though with emphasis on root and direction. But of this significant and hopeful fact I think most liberals are completely and naturally ignorant. I think that exactly here is the place to build a bridge across that disastrous chasm —because it is on the basis of "natural rights" that Christians and Liberals can meet, and they will find no one else on that ground!

Speaking for myself, it seems to me that the teachings of Jesus contain some of the highest wisdom in the world. I am, however, a member of no religious institution, and I have even found it impossible, during my life, to join any political party. My peculiar faith is my own, and I vote independently. And that is said, certainly, in no smug or self-satisfied spirit.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

John Macrae, president of the publishing house of E. P. Dutton & Company, died on February 18 at his New York home. He was 76 years old. Mr. Macrae started with the company as an errand boy at 16, and in 1900 became Mr. Dutton's partner. Since Edward Dutton's death in 1923, John Macrae had headed the firm.

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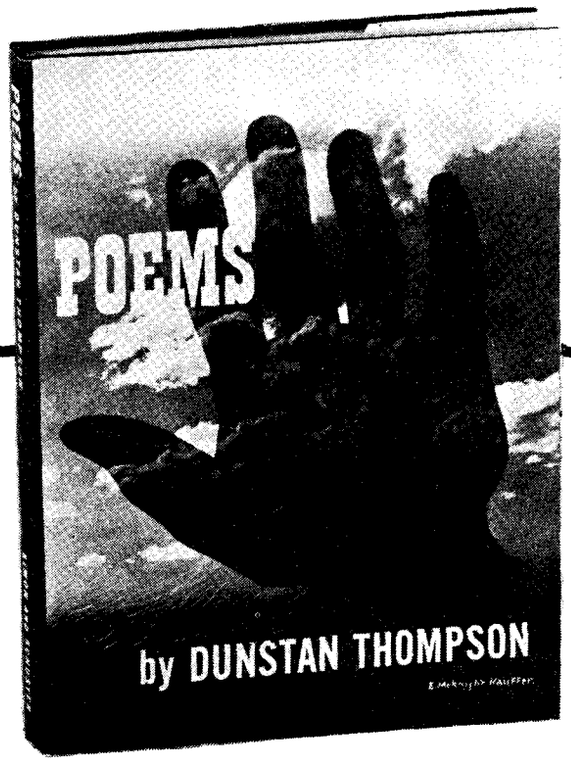

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The Compleat Collector

CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS

Cushing on Vesalius

A BIO-BIBLIOGRAPHY OF ANDREAS VESALIUS. By Harvey Cushing. New York: Schuman. 1943. *xxxviii*—230 *pp.* $15.

FOUR centuries ago there issued from the press at Basel an impressive folio volume which did much to upset medical traditions of fourteen hundred years. The title-page displayed an elaborate engraving of a dissecting room, and the title, modestly concealed in a small cartouche, announced that Andreas Vesalius of Brussels, professor of medicine at Padua, would explain the works of the human body—*de humani corporis fabrica.* The author was not yet thirty years old, and the *Fabrica* was his principal (but by no means his only) contribution to medical literature. The title-page did not mention the dramatic and magnificent woodcuts by Jan van Calcar which illuminated the text—but they spoke for themselves.

To celebrate the fourth centenary of the appearance of the *Fabrica* we now have a great surgeon's tribute to the famous anatomist. For forty years Cushing had been interested in Vesalius: for half of that time he had planned a book about him. He did not live to finish it, although at his death he had written half of it, and had roughly indicated the nature of the remaining portions. To the devotion of his secretary, Miss Stanton, and the generous labors of Dr. Castiglioni and Dr. Francis, we owe the completion of the work, while the enthusiasm of his colleague, Dr. Fulton, has seen the work to a conclusion in this anniversary year.

It is a complicated book—even its title is unusual. As biography, in the orthodox sense, it is deficient. If one turns to the index for biographical help, one finds only Vesalius *père*—with two references. One must consult Roth or even Ball for the conventional records of his birth, peregrinations, and death. But as annotated and animated bibliography the book is a treasure house wherein physician, bibliophile, and humanist may find endless enlightenment.

Not least of Harvey Cushing's talents was his skill in writing for entertainment as well as elucidation. He once expressed a mild dismay at his "inky past," but that past, as recorded in his bibliography, published in 1939, contains no better book than this tribute to a colleague *de temps passé.* Cushing's "gay disregard of bibliographical conventions" has been kept within bounds by the sedulous care of his editors, while certain chores left undone have been attended to by Dr. Castiglioni. But the book is Harvey Cushing's. His meticulous scholarship and his engaging literary style are apparent in all that came from his pen, even as his handwriting betrayed the skilled craftsman.

The "Bio-Bibliography" is an example of good bookmaking which would have pleased the author. It is a small quarto printed on soft and mellow paper in that revived Renaissance type face of Aldus's first used in the *Hypnerotomachia* of 1499. The main text is set in a wide measure with large type, while the notes, bibliographical descriptions, and indices are set in two columns, in a smaller size. The page is readable and handsome, and, *pace* the WPB, has the grace of adequate margins. The binding leaves something to be desired in material and design as well as in sewing. There are eighty-nine figures, many of them full page, printed—and very well printed—by off-set. A good book deserves a competent printer, and has found it in this case.

Hopkins of the Marion Press

THE MARION PRESS, A SURVEY AND A CHECKLIST. By Thomas A. and Amy Hopkins Larremore. Checklist compiled by Joseph W. Rogers. Jamaica: Queens Borough Public Library. 1943.

THE Marion Press was established at Jamaica, Long Island, in 1896 by Frank Easton Hopkins, and named for his daughter. The last item in the bibliography is dated 1931, although the Press was relatively inactive in the later years. Its founder had been Superintendent for DeVinne for ten years, and he learned from that stern but intelligent printer many of the principles and practices which made the DeVinne Press famous. These he put into successful operation in the small printing office which he set up in his attic, with meager type equipment and a hand press. As the business grew (it was never a large one) he added more type and power presses, but he always maintained a scrupulous regard for the mechanical niceties of presswork; if his typographic resources seem to us meager and conventional, he used them with discrimination. In 1896 Caslon type had no such universality as it has now come to have, and the so-called "modern" roman was in common use in books and especially in newspapers. One forgets that the tremendous repertory of type faces now available to the printer have mostly come into use in the last forty years. If Hopkins's types were of what now seems like an elder vintage, a souvenir of a more distant past was the collection of a hundred

I seem to be listening for a flurry and a hurry in the hall — For the sound of a bark that comes not."

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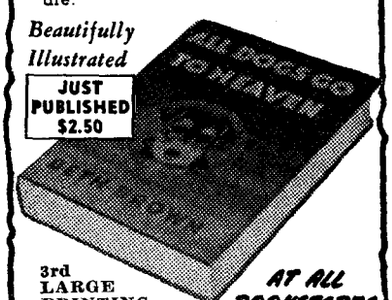

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or so wood blocks engraved by Dr. Alexander Anderson, a follower of Bewick, and the first native wood engraver of any consequence.

Hopkins was fortunate from the first in his customers—men who had known him at the DeVinne Press. He began while there to do some work for them at his attic press, and it was DeVinne's annoyance with this small competition which led to a severance of their relations. Hopkins had confidence in his ability to do good work for exacting customers, and this confidence was justified by repeated commissions from the same clients.

The Marion Press has been fortunate also in its biographers. His daughter and son-in-law have had access to all sources of information, original documents as well as the memory of men who knew Hopkins and his work. The style is somewhat discursive and repetitious, but the story is well worth telling. The narrative is reinforced by numerous pictures of Hopkins and of his printing-offices and examples of its product. The text is amply and interestingly annotated, and there is a full index. Last, but not least, there is a complete bibliography by Joseph W. Rogers of the imprints of the Press.

The main text of the work is hand set in the Caslon type which Hopkins used, and printed on one of his hand presses, as a WPA project; the notes, index, etc., having been completed by machine. It is a good-looking volume which Hopkins would have found creditable even to his exacting standards.

Hispanic Publications

THE HISPANIC SOCIETY OF AMERICA: CATALOGUE OF PUBLICATIONS. By Clara L. Penney. New York. 1943.

THIS modest little book, innocently tagged "Publications 1943" on the spine and in obscure blind stamping of the name and seal of the Society on the front cover, is as full of meat as an egg. Textually it is a list of the publications of the Hispanic Society of America, giving all necessary bibliographical data, together with explanatory notes. The information is given in crisp, lucid, condensed form. The arrangement is in general chronological, and any awkwardness arising from such a listing is prevented by a remarkably full and explicit index. A good many illustrations, reduced facsimiles of title-pages, etc., quite charming in themselves, are introduced throughout the pages.

Typographically the book has been put together with a simple, straightforwardness which is no small part of its value. In its demure way it is a model of how such a catalogue can be compiled and printed, while its appropriateness at the present time is clear. It is almost annoying to fail to find any detail which has been omitted or slighted either by compiler or printer!

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The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DEATH INVADES THE MEETING *John Rhode* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Disliked Britisher dies by means unknown in his library, Dr. Priestley untangles a knotty puzzle.	Method of murder interesting, and trappings of black magic intriguing. Sleuthing very deliberate, but in canniest Priestley style.	Puzzler
DEADLINE AT DAWN *William Irish* (J. B. Lippincott: $2.)	Dance-hall girl and boy who thinks cops are after him solve a Manhattan murder their own way.	Gets off to rather slow start, but once the chase begins it's packed to overflowing with action and some excess moralizing.	Good
THE DELICATE APE *Dorothy B. Hughes* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $2.)	Mysterious death of American Secretary of Peace on eve of fateful conference put his assistant in perilous spot.	Adventure in future, with diplomats as villains and vast amount of swift action, intrigue, and violence. Climax is startling.	First rate
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PERSONALS

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(Continued on page 38)

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PERSONALS

(*Continued from page 37*)

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PERSONALS

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AGAIN—the Nov. 13, 1943, SRL is exhausted. Also Aug. 8, 1942. Will pay 15c per copy, plus postage, for any returned to use.

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The Crostics Club

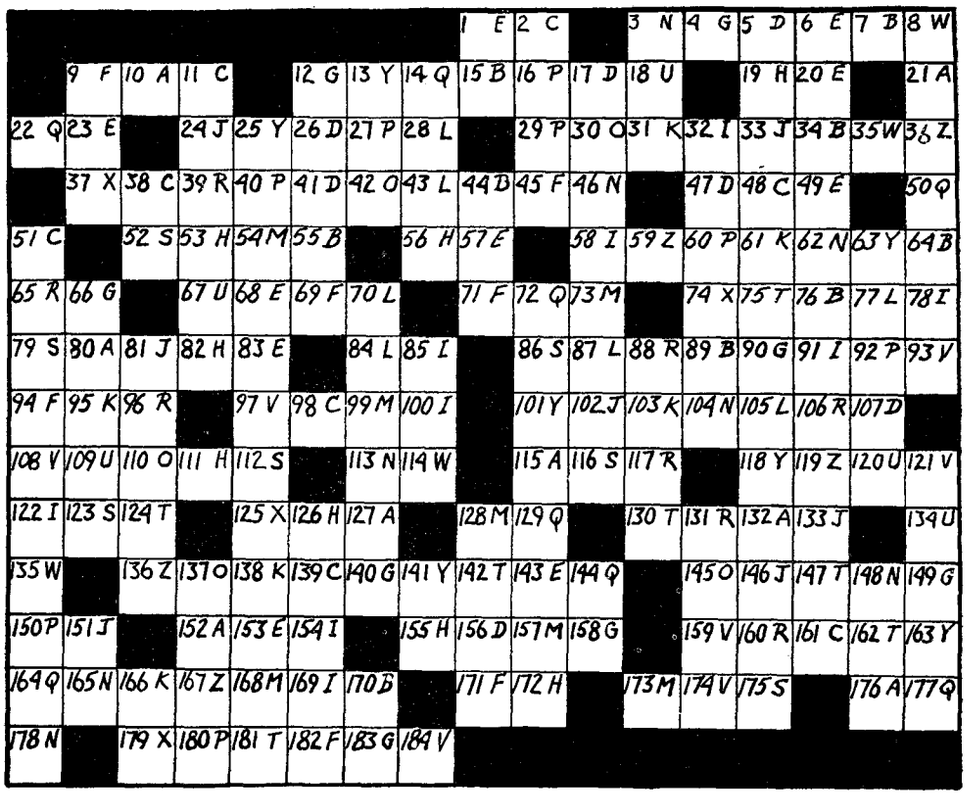
FAILING to find any humorous work by Will Irwin in the Public Library, I begged him for something humorous from his own collection. His reply confirmed my experience, that except for epigrammatic expressions humor, as a rule, is too diffuse for the limits of a DC. "Why," wrote he, "didn't some one tell me forty years ago that I didn't write an epigrammatic style?" He tackled his "The City That Was" but discovered when about to "carpenter" it (as I suggested he do to make something available) that the acrostic contained only twenty-three letters. Then he experimented with his wife's snappier style and after spending three days in trying to adapt it to a DC he "chucked the letters (supplied by a DC friend) into the box, beaten, baffled, and bored." Then it occurred to him that his failure to create probably lay in his allergy to arithmetic. The trial, however, was "dolorous and suicidal." A DC from his wife's writing, appearing in the California number of the *SRL*, "miraculously saved his face," though the *Z* in the Acrostic misled him into thinking that it must be a translation from the Persian or German. And he concludes his letter in the same Will Irwinian vein, "Now I know that you don't have to copyright DCs in order to protect them!"

Lieutenant Duane Garroway, somewhere in England, to whom we sent a copy of Series 15 in lieu of the *SRLs* that he wrote were not reaching him, tells, in a charming V-letter acknowledgment, of the happy reunion he had with DCs when both *Reviews* and book arrived together. His joy at a built-in pencil with an eraser was especially keen, for said he, "an independent eraser and I have always parted company for good after one rendition."

Among those whose appreciative letters we are glad to receive are: A. E. McIntosh, President of the West Oregon Lumber Co., Portland, Ore., who wonders how long before we hear of John Kieran or of Kupperman doing DCs without pencil or eraser. John W. Ames, New York City, who jumped recklessly into DCs with No. 510 and erased so much on poor wartime paper that in his entanglement he was obliged to write for information; Mrs. Joseph P. Tompo, San Antonio, Texas, an old-timer, non-reference book puzzler, who doesn't care how long they take even to rubbing the paper to rags in the process. (I've often wondered why you don't transfer the DC diagram to crossword puzzle paper to be bought cheaply!)

An envelope of Fundamentalist tracts arrived, free, as "the Lord supplies the postage." As the address was clearly taken from *The New Yorker* article, I'm puzzled to know how such a Servant of the Lord came by it!

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 518

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 37 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Thin griddle cake of unleavened bread in N. India.

B. Something that sharpens, makes keen.

C. Pertaining to good digestion.

D. Clumsy or unskilled seamen (Naut.)

E. Alive (3 wds.)

F. Strait joining the Adriatic with the Mediterranean.

G. One who gives grudgingly or not at all (slang).

H. Surpassing (a Lewis Carroll nonce word).

I. Of a pie without top crust (comp.)

J. Disheveled.

K. Printed; took to flight (2 wds.)

L. Puzzled; unable to determine (3 wds.)

M. Imitation (Rhet.)

N. Pertaining to a set of events in a larger series.

O. First name of two given to Horace Walpole by his opponents as a Knight of the Garter.

P. Rails bitterly or violently.

Q. To converse politely (Pidgin Engl.; comp.)

R. Tarnishes one's reputation.

S. College for women at Cambridge University, Eng. (1876).

T. Erudition; learning.

U. The character, sentiment, etc., of a people or community.

V. Certifies.

W. Fine coal; slack; a kind of pudding.

X. Remnants.

Y. To keep under by self-control.

Z. Pleasantry; mockery.

WORDS

132 10 152 80 176 21 115 127

76 89 44 15 64 55 34 170 7

11 48 139 2 161 51 98 38

5 156 41 47 26 17 107

143 153 49 1 57 20 6 23 83 68

94 71 45 69 182 9 171

183 90 149 140 158 12 4 66

172 82 126 56 155 19 53 111

169 78 122 91 85 32 58 100 154

102 146 133 81 33 24 151

103 166 95 138 31 61

105 70 87 43 84 77 28

173 168 99 73 54 128 157

62 104 148 46 113 178 165 3

137 110 42 145 30

29 60 180 16 40 92 150 27

164 22 50 177 144 72 14 129

131 106 160 117 39 96 65 88

175 112 86 123 116 79 52

130 75 124 142 181 162 147

120 67 109 134 18

159 97 93 174 121 108 184

8 35 114 135

179 74 125 37

13 141 118 25 163 101 63

36 136 59 119 167

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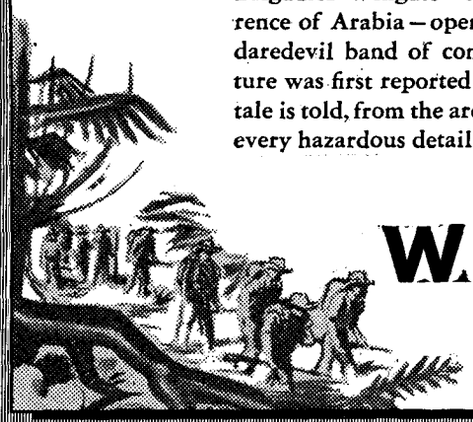

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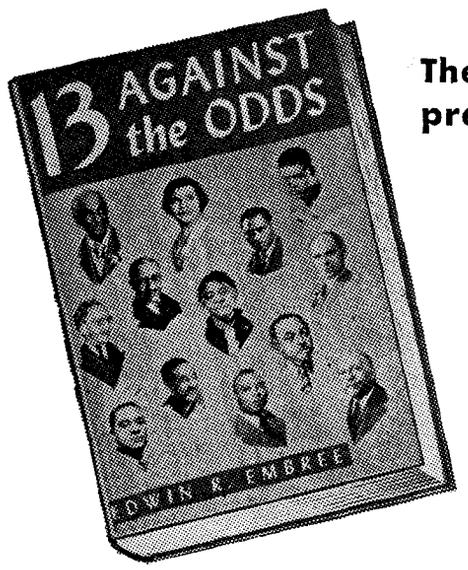

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